

AMONG THIS WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS

Mark Abley is the author of *Beyond Forger: Rediscovering the Praries*, 1986.

Iain Bamforth is a qualified doctor, at present studying tropical medicine in London. His collection of poems, *The Modern Copernicus*, was published in 1984.

Anthony Beaver's most recent novel is *The Faustian Pact*, 1985. His *The Spanish Civil War* appeared in 1982.

Curmen Blacker is the author of *The Catalpa Bow: A study of Shamanistic practices in Japan*, 1975.

Alan Brinkley is Dunwille Associate Professor of American History at Harvard University and the author of *Voices of Protest: Huey Long, Father Coughlin, and the Great Depression*, 1982.

Katherine Bucknell is preparing a volume of W. H. Auden's juvenilia for publication.

John Clute's novel, *The Disinheriting Party*, was published in 1977.

Hennig Cohen is Professor of English and History at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

Lesley Downer's *Japanese Vegetarian Cookery* was published last year.

J. J. du Boulay is the author of *A Greek Mountain Village*, 1974.

Charles Dunn is Emeritus Professor of Japanese at the University of London.

Iain Fenlon is the author of *Music and Patronage in Sixteenth-Century Mantua*, the second volume of which appeared in 1982.

Mark Ford is an editor of *Oxford Poetry*.

Wilma George is a Fellow of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, and the author of *Biologist Philosopher: A study of the life and writings of Alfred Russel Wallace*, 1964. Her *Darwin*, in the Fontana Modern Masters series, was published in 1982.

D. W. Hartnett's collection of poems, *A Signalled Love*, appeared in 1985.

Nicholas Hilley is a Research Fellow in Social History at New Hall, Cambridge, and Assistant Editor of *Intelligence and National Security*.

Michael Hofmann's second collection of poems, *Acrimony*, was published last year.

C. H. Holland is Professor of Geology and Mineralogy at Trinity College, Dublin. He was President of the Geological Society of London from 1984 to 1986.

K. J. Irwin's books include *The Middle East in the Middle Ages: The early Mamluk Sultanate 1250-1382*, 1986.

Arthur Jacobs is the author of *Arthur Sullivan: A Victorian musician*, 1984.

Alec Hyatt King's *A Mozart Legacy: Aspects of the British Library collections* was published in 1984.

Helen King is a Sir James Knott Research Fellow at the University of Newcastle.

Eric Korn is an antiquarian bookseller in London.

Richard Krautholmer's *The Rome of Alexander VII, 1655-1667* was published last year.

Brian Lee is Professor of American Studies at the University of Nottingham.

Mary Lefkowitz's *Women in Greek Myth* appeared last year.

Peter Levi is Professor of Poetry at the University of Oxford. His *The Hill of Kromos* was published in 1980.

Lauro Martines is Professor of Renaissance History at the University of California, Los Angeles. His books include *Power and Imagination: City-states in Renaissance Italy*, 1976.

Collin Matthews's *Sun Dance* will be performed at the Proms on July 21, and as a ballet at the Royal Opera House the following day.

Helen McNell is a lecturer in the School of English and American Studies at the University of East Anglia. Her *Emily Dickinson* was published earlier this year.

David Miller is a Fellow in Social and Political Theory at Nuffield College, Oxford. He is an editor of the recently published *The Blackwell Encyclopedia of Political Thought*.

John Mole's most recent collection of poems, *Homing*, was published earlier this year.

Julia O'Faolain's novel *The Irish Signorina* appeared in 1984.

A. W. Price is a college lecturer in Philosophy at Wadham College, Oxford.

John Robertson is a Fellow and Tutor in Modern History at St Hugh's College, Oxford. He is the author of *The Scottish Enlightenment and the Militia Issue*, 1985.

Giles Robertson edited (with George Henderson) *Studies in Memory of David Talbot Rice*, 1975.

Elaine Showalter teaches in the Department of English at Princeton University. Her most recent book is *The Female Melody: Women, Madness and English Culture 1830-1980*, which has just been published.

Louisa Simpson's *People Live Here: Selected poems 1949-83* was published in 1985.

Katharine Worth's books include *The Irish Drama of Europe from Yeats to Beckett*, 1978, and *Oscar Wilde*, 1983.

H. R. Woudhuysen is a lecturer in English at University College London.

To place advertisements write or telephone:

Colin Ferris, The Classified Department, The Times Literary Supplement
Priory House, St. John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX Tel: 01-253 3000 Telex: 264971.

TLS Classified

Rates: Classified Display - £10.15 p sec, Classified Linage - £2.00 per line. Minimum 3 lines - @ £6.00. Box number - £2.00.
Copy deadlines: Classified display and Linage: Monday 10.00am in week of publication.

Overseas

Posts Overseas Poland

Post 1: Director of Studies, University of Silesia, Katowice

Post 2: Director of Studies, University of Wrocław

Post 3: Reader in English Literature, University of Lodz

Post 4: Senior Lecturer, English Literature, University of Krakow

Post 5: Senior Lecturer, Applied Linguistics, University of Warsaw

Posts 1 and 2

Duties: responsibility for professional development of the University's English Language Centre, teaching, teacher training, course design, staff development, testing.

Qualifications: British citizens with degree in English or modern languages, PGCE, MA, TEFL, minimum 6 years' TEFL experience including 2 years' teacher training.

Salary: £9,113-£13,183 p.a. (under review).

Benefits: free accommodation, medical scheme, superannuation contribution, fares, baggage allowance.

Contract: 1 year, renewable, starting September 1987.

Posts 3-5

Duties: 7-10 hours p.w. teaching mainly 4th and 5th year students, preparing students for final MA examinations, thesis supervision, membership of examination boards.

Qualifications: British citizens with degree, teaching qualification, PhD (Posts 3 and 4), MA, TEFL or Applied Linguistics (Post 5), plus 6 years' teaching experience. Interest in research an advantage.

Salary: approx 30,000 zlotys per month (£1 - about 21 408) plus sterling subsidy £8,218 p.a. (under review).

Benefits: free accommodation, medical scheme, superannuation contribution, fares, baggage allowance.

Contract: 1 year, starting September 1987, renewable for Posts 3 and 4.

Closing date for applications: 12 June 1987.

References: 87 11 27-31

For further details and an application form, please write, quoting the post reference number, to: Overseas Educational Appointments Department, The British Council, 65 Davies Street, London W1V 2AA.

The British Council

Miscellaneous

Elderly cultured gentleman requires assistance in France from retired academic lady philosopher to work with me on philosophical papers. It is desirable that the candidate should have a keen interest in the philosophy of mind, a sound background in philosophical perspective. However, the candidate should be an independent thinker. Accommodation provided and occupation from end May 1987. Remuneration negotiable. Apply Mr J. B. Jacobsen, Le Cai-Thy, Evian, Les Bains, 74500, France

Book Fairs

BOOKFAIR Chelsea Bookfair this Saturday, May 23rd at Chelsea Old Town Hall, 50 Exhibition Road, London SW3 3LH. Admission Free. Some stands available at these monthly fairs for both amateur and professional sellers. For details and dates write to P. Y. Chin, 33 Lanark Close, London W.8.

Holiday/Accommodation

BRISCOLL HOUSE HOTEL - 200 single rooms, board 275 per week, all amenities - apply 178 New Kent Road, London SE1. Tel: 01-708 4175.

Competitions

\$2500 Fifth Annual Baby Competition. For particulars, send self-addressed stamped envelope to VERA B. T.M. Box 12888, Asheville, N.C. 28802.

Information Wanted

LIAM O'FLAHERTY any of his letters wanted, or information leading to them - A. Kelly, Oate Cottage, Filly, 2880-75000.

© 1987 Newsprint
Published by Times Newspapers
Printed and Published by Newsprint
Printed and Published by Newsprint
Printed and Published by Newsprint
Printed and Published by Newsprint
Printed and Published by Newsprint

Books & Prints

KLENNY WORLDWIDE BOOK SERVICE. Free C.O.D. service. UK/US. Personal attention. Frankham Cottage, Mark Cross, E. Sussex TN6 3PB. 0438 857 2075.

ACUMEN Literary Magazine, edited by Patricia Oxley half-yearly. 5 issues available. Features poems, essays, short stories and interviews. Contributors: Philip Gross, Anna Adams, Peter Gross, Kathleen Rain, Ken Smith, R. S. Thomas, C. B. Brown, Michael Baines, Jack Climo, David Holbrook and many others. Sub £4 p.a. single issues 24 p. and 24 p. from 5 The Mount, Furseham, Brigham, South Devon, TQ8 8QV.

AMERICAN Out-of-Print. Free search, sterling cheques accepted. American Books, Box 8002, Salt Lake City, Utah 84108, USA.

BINIE BOOKS Specialise in English literature, theatre, drama & poetry, 20 free catalogues issued a year. Kindly prices paid for collection & review copies. 27 Anne House, Pantonville Road, London N1. Tel: 01 857 1575.

FOR YOUR STATESIDE BOOK Needs: write or phone: 2001 C-1, 40 New Canaan Bookshop, 59 Elm St., New Canaan, Conn. 06840. 203-866 5470. Mail orders welcome.

SHILLA PAYNE finds books, Abridge Bookshop, 18, High St, Abridge, Somerset.

ARAB WORLD BOOKS - Rare and out-of-print catalogues available. David Longe Ltd., 18 Suffolk Road, London SW13 9NB. Tel: 01-748 0254.

LEARNED Scientific and Art/illustrated Journals wanted. H. G. Gargos Ltd, 78 Strand, London WC2R 2EF. 01-808 1881.

ARABY BOOKS - Specialise in out-of-print academic history. Regular catalogues on request. Stamp appreciated. High prices offered for good quality collections. 66 Goppell Lane, St Albans, Herts. Tel: St Albans 34514.

COMMONS 1855/56 vols. 55s to 100s. Nov. 1854 vols. 50s to 100s. 1856/57 vols. 50s to 100s. 1858 vols. 50s to 100s. 1859 vols. 50s to 100s. 1860 vols. 50s to 100s. 1861 vols. 50s to 100s. 1862 vols. 50s to 100s. 1863 vols. 50s to 100s. 1864 vols. 50s to 100s. 1865 vols. 50s to 100s. 1866 vols. 50s to 100s. 1867 vols. 50s to 100s. 1868 vols. 50s to 100s. 1869 vols. 50s to 100s. 1870 vols. 50s to 100s. 1871 vols. 50s to 100s. 1872 vols. 50s to 100s. 1873 vols. 50s to 100s. 1874 vols. 50s to 100s. 1875 vols. 50s to 100s. 1876 vols. 50s to 100s. 1877 vols. 50s to 100s. 1878 vols. 50s to 100s. 1879 vols. 50s to 100s. 1880 vols. 50s to 100s. 1881 vols. 50s to 100s. 1882 vols. 50s to 100s. 1883 vols. 50s to 100s. 1884 vols. 50s to 100s. 1885 vols. 50s to 100s. 1886 vols. 50s to 100s. 1887 vols. 50s to 100s. 1888 vols. 50s to 100s. 1889 vols. 50s to 100s. 1890 vols. 50s to 100s. 1891 vols. 50s to 100s. 1892 vols. 50s to 100s. 1893 vols. 50s to 100s. 1894 vols. 50s to 100s. 1895 vols. 50s to 100s. 1896 vols. 50s to 100s. 1897 vols. 50s to 100s. 1898 vols. 50s to 100s. 1899 vols. 50s to 100s. 1900 vols. 50s to 100s. 1901 vols. 50s to 100s. 1902 vols. 50s to 100s. 1903 vols. 50s to 100s. 1904 vols. 50s to 100s. 1905 vols. 50s to 100s. 1906 vols. 50s to 100s. 1907 vols. 50s to 100s. 1908 vols. 50s to 100s. 1909 vols. 50s to 100s. 1910 vols. 50s to 100s. 1911 vols. 50s to 100s. 1912 vols. 50s to 100s. 1913 vols. 50s to 100s. 1914 vols. 50s to 100s. 1915 vols. 50s to 100s. 1916 vols. 50s to 100s. 1917 vols. 50s to 100s. 1918 vols. 50s to 100s. 1919 vols. 50s to 100s. 1920 vols. 50s to 100s. 1921 vols. 50s to 100s. 1922 vols. 50s to 100s. 1923 vols. 50s to 100s. 1924 vols. 50s to 100s. 1925 vols. 50s to 100s. 1926 vols. 50s to 100s. 1927 vols. 50s to 100s. 1928 vols. 50s to 100s. 1929 vols. 50s to 100s. 1930 vols. 50s to 100s. 1931 vols. 50s to 100s. 1932 vols. 50s to 100s. 1933 vols. 50s to 100s. 1934 vols. 50s to 100s. 1935 vols. 50s to 100s. 1936 vols. 50s to 100s. 1937 vols. 50s to 100s. 1938 vols. 50s to 100s. 1939 vols. 50s to 100s. 1940 vols. 50s to 100s. 1941 vols. 50s to 100s. 1942 vols. 50s to 100s. 1943 vols. 50s to 100s. 1944 vols. 50s to 100s. 1945 vols. 50s to 100s. 1946 vols. 50s to 100s. 1947 vols. 50s to 100s. 1948 vols. 50s to 100s. 1949 vols. 50s to 100s. 1950 vols. 50s to 100s. 1951 vols. 50s to 100s. 1952 vols. 50s to 100s. 1953 vols. 50s to 100s. 1954 vols. 50s to 100s. 1955 vols. 50s to 100s. 1956 vols. 50s to 100s. 1957 vols. 50s to 100s. 1958 vols. 50s to 100s. 1959 vols. 50s to 100s. 1960 vols. 50s to 100s. 1961 vols. 50s to 100s. 1962 vols. 50s to 100s. 1963 vols. 50s to 100s. 1964 vols. 50s to 100s. 1965 vols. 50s to 100s. 1966 vols. 50s to 100s. 1967 vols. 50s to 100s. 1968 vols. 50s to 100s. 1969 vols. 50s to 100s. 1970 vols. 50s to 100s. 1971 vols. 50s to 100s. 1972 vols. 50s to 100s. 1973 vols. 50s to 100s. 1974 vols. 50s to 100s. 1975 vols. 50s to 100s. 1976 vols. 50s to 100s. 1977 vols. 50s to 100s. 1978 vols. 50s to 100s. 1979 vols. 50s to 100s. 1980 vols. 50s to 100s. 1981 vols. 50s to 100s. 1982 vols. 50s to 100s. 1983 vols. 50s to 100s. 1984 vols. 50s to 100s. 1985 vols. 50s to 100s. 1986 vols. 50s to 100s. 1987 vols. 50s to 100s. 1988 vols. 50s to 100s. 1989 vols. 50s to 100s. 1990 vols. 50s to 100s. 1991 vols. 50s to 100s. 1992 vols. 50s to 100s. 1993 vols. 50s to 100s. 1994 vols. 50s to 100s. 1995 vols. 50s to 100s. 1996 vols. 50s to 100s. 1997 vols. 50s to 100s. 1998 vols. 50s to 100s. 1999 vols. 50s to 100s. 2000 vols. 50s to 100s. 2001 vols. 50s to 100s. 2002 vols. 50s to 100s. 2003 vols. 50s to 100s. 2004 vols. 50s to 100s. 2005 vols. 50s to 100s. 2006 vols. 50s to 100s. 2007 vols. 50s to 100s. 2008 vols. 50s to 100s. 2009 vols. 50s to 100s. 2010 vols. 50s to 100s. 2011 vols. 50s to 100s. 2012 vols. 50s to 100s. 2013 vols. 50s to 100s. 2014 vols. 50s to 100s. 2015 vols. 50s to 100s. 2016 vols. 50s to 100s. 2017 vols. 50s to 100s. 2018 vols. 50s to 100s. 2019 vols. 50s to 100s. 2020 vols. 50s to 100s. 2021 vols. 50s to 100s. 2022 vols. 50s to 100s. 2023 vols. 50s to 100s. 2024 vols. 50s to 100s. 2025 vols. 50s to 100s. 2026 vols. 50s to 100s. 2027 vols. 50s to 100s. 2028 vols. 50s to 100s. 2029 vols. 50s to 100s. 2030 vols. 50s to 100s. 2031 vols. 50s to 100s. 2032 vols. 50s to 100s. 2033 vols. 50s to 100s. 2034 vols. 50s to 100s. 2035 vols. 50s to 100s. 2036 vols. 50s to 100s. 2037 vols. 50s to 100s. 2038 vols. 50s to 100s. 2039 vols. 50s to 100s. 2040 vols. 50s to 100s. 2041 vols. 50s to 100s. 2042 vols. 50s to 100s. 2043 vols. 50s to 100s. 2044 vols. 50s to 100s. 2045 vols. 50s to 100s. 2046 vols. 50s to 100s. 2047 vols. 50s to 100s. 2048 vols. 50s to 100s. 2049 vols. 50s to 100s. 2050 vols. 50s to 100s. 2051 vols. 50s to 100s. 2052 vols. 50s to 100s. 2053 vols. 50s to 100s. 2054 vols. 50s to 100s. 2055 vols. 50s to 100s. 2056 vols. 50s to 100s. 2057 vols. 50s to 100s. 2058 vols. 50s to 100s. 2059 vols. 50s to 100s. 2060 vols. 50s to 100s. 2061 vols. 50s to 100s. 2062 vols. 50s to 100s. 2063 vols. 50s to 100s. 2064 vols. 50s to 100s. 2065 vols. 50s to 100s. 2066 vols. 50s to 100s. 2067 vols. 50s to 100s. 2068 vols. 50s to 100s. 2069 vols. 50s to 100s. 2070 vols. 50s to 100s. 2071 vols. 50s to 100s. 2072 vols. 50s to 100s. 2073 vols. 50s to 100s. 2074 vols. 50s to 100s. 2075 vols. 50s to 100s. 2076 vols. 50s to 100s. 2077 vols. 50s to 100s. 2078 vols. 50s to 100s. 2079 vols. 50s to 100s. 2080 vols. 50s to 100s. 2081 vols. 50s to 100s. 2082 vols. 50s to 100s. 2083 vols. 50s to 100s. 2084 vols. 50s to 100s. 2085 vols. 50s to 100s. 2086 vols. 50s to 100s. 2087 vols. 50s to 100s. 2088 vols. 50s to 100s. 2089 vols. 50s to 100s. 2090 vols. 50s to 100s. 2091 vols. 50s to 100s. 2092 vols. 50s to 100s. 2093 vols. 50s to 100s. 2094 vols. 50s to 100s. 2095 vols. 50s to 100s. 2096 vols. 50s to 100s. 2097 vols. 50s to 100s. 2098 vols. 50s to 100s. 2099 vols. 50s to 100s. 2100 vols. 50s to 100s. 2101 vols. 50s to 100s. 2102 vols. 50s to 100s. 2103 vols. 50s to 100s. 2104 vols. 50s to 100s. 2105 vols. 50s to 100s. 2106 vols. 50s to 100s. 2107 vols. 50s to 100s. 2108 vols. 50s to 100s. 2109 vols. 50s to 100s. 2110 vols. 50s to 100s. 2111 vols. 50s to 100s. 2112 vols. 50s to 100s. 2113 vols. 50s to 100s. 2114 vols. 50s to 100s. 2115 vols. 50s to 100s. 2116 vols. 50s to 100s. 2117 vols. 50s to 100s. 2118 vols. 50s to 100s. 2119 vols. 50s to 100s. 2120 vols. 50s to 100s. 2121 vols. 50s to 100s. 2122 vols. 50s to 100s. 2123 vols. 50s to 100s. 2124 vols. 50s to 100s. 2125 vols. 50s to 100s. 2126 vols. 50s to 100s. 2127 vols. 50s to 100s. 2128 vols. 50s to 100s. 2129 vols. 50s to 100s. 2130 vols. 50s to 100s. 2131 vols. 50s to 100s. 2132 vols. 50s to 100s. 2133 vols. 50s to 100s. 2134 vols. 50s to 100s. 2135 vols. 50s to 100s. 2136 vols. 50s to 100s. 2137 vols. 50s to 100s. 2138 vols. 50s to 100s. 2139 vols. 50s to 100s. 2140 vols. 50s to 100s. 2141 vols. 50s to 100s. 2142 vols. 50s to 100s. 2143 vols. 50s to 100s. 2144 vols. 50s to 100s. 2145 vols. 50s to 100s. 2146 vols. 50s to 100s. 2147 vols. 50s to 100s. 2148 vols. 50s to 100s. 2149 vols. 50s to 100s. 2150 vols. 50s to 100s. 2151 vols. 50s to 100s. 2152 vols. 50s to 100s. 2153 vols. 50s to 100s. 2154 vols. 50s to 100s. 2155 vols. 50s to 100s. 2156 vols. 50s to 100s. 2157 vols. 50s to 100s. 2158 vols. 50s to 100s. 2159 vols. 50s to 100s. 2160 vols. 50s to 100s. 2161 vols. 50s to 100s. 2162 vols. 50s to 100s. 2163 vols. 50s to 100s. 2164 vols. 50s to 100s. 2165 vols. 50s to 100s. 2166 vols. 50s to 100s. 2167 vols. 50s to 100s. 2168 vols. 50s to 100s. 2169 vols. 50s to 100s. 2170 vols. 50s to 100s. 2171 vols. 50s to 100s. 2172 vols. 50s to 100s. 2173 vols. 50s to 100s. 2174 vols. 50s to 100s. 2175 vols. 50s to 100s. 2176 vols. 50s to 100s. 2177 vols. 50s to 100s. 2178 vols. 50s to 100s. 2179 vols. 50s to 100s. 2180 vols. 50s to 100s. 2181 vols. 50s to 100s. 2182 vols. 50s to 100s. 2183 vols. 50s to 100s. 2184 vols. 50s to 100s. 2185 vols. 50s to 100s. 2186 vols. 50s to 100s. 2187 vols. 50s to 100s. 2188 vols. 50s to 100s. 2189 vols. 50s to 100s. 2190 vols. 50s to 100s. 2191 vols. 50s to 100s. 2192 vols. 50s to 100s. 2193 vols. 50s to 100s. 2194 vols. 50s to 100s. 2195 vols. 50s to 100s. 2196 vols. 50s to 100s. 2197 vols. 50s to 100s. 2198 vols. 50s to 100s. 2199 vols. 50s to 100s. 2200 vols. 50s to 100s. 2201 vols. 50s to 100s. 2202 vols. 50s to 100s. 2203 vols. 50s to 100s. 2204 vols. 50s to 100s. 2205 vols. 50s to 100s. 2206 vols. 50s to 100s. 2207 vols. 50s to 100s. 2208 vols. 50s to 100s. 2209 vols. 50s to 100s. 2210 vols. 50s to 100s. 2211 vols. 50s to 100

Become a new subscriber to the *TLS*, or give a subscription to a friend, and take advantage of our special offer:

THE 62 WEEK YEAR

Rates (including postage):
UK £45, Europe (Bulk Air Mail) £66
USA and Canada (Air Freight) US\$75,
Rest of the World (Surface Mail) £60,
(Air Mail) £75

Please send the *TLS* for a year and ten weeks to:

Name

Address

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

The Times Literary Supplement

May 29 1987 Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX

Contents

John Bayley: Henry James in his Notebooks 571-2
Explaining the Mexican Revolution 575-6
Compton Mackenzie - a non-stop performance 572-3
Louis Aragon's burnt novel 582
Poems by Joseph Brodsky and Oliver Reynolds 574, 584
How to speak of the deaf 584
Lorenz Eitner: documenting Delacroix 583

ARCHAEOLOGY 586, ART 583, BIBLIOGRAPHY 592, BIOGRAPHY 572-3, CHILDREN'S BOOKS 589, FICTION 588, FRENCH LITERATURE 582, HISTORY OF SCIENCE 585, LITERATURE 571-2, MEDIEVAL LITERATURE 587, MODERN HISTORY 575-6, POETRY 574, POLITICS 577, RELIGION 576, SOCIAL STUDIES 584

JOHN BAYLEY
GERALD MANGAN
BARBARA HARDY
MICHAEL O'NEILL
JOSEPH BRODSKY
ALISTAIR HENNESSY

EDWARD NORMAN

ALECNONE

GEOFFREY HOSKING

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

JEREMY TREGLOWN

J. MORDAUNT CROOK

E. S. TURNER

J.K.L. WALKER

ERIC KORN

PATRICIA CRAIG

ROGER CARDINAL

PETER READING

MANSELL STIMPSON

LORENZ EITNER

LIAM HUDSON

OLIVER REYNOLDS

JACK MEADOWS

WILMA GEORGE

DAVID RIDGWAY

TERESA CLAY

BERNARD O'DONOGHUE

ASHOK BERRY

DICK DAVIS

SAVKAR ALTINEL

JOHN MELMOTH

ROZ KAVENEY

DEBORAH SINGMASTER

ALICE H. G. PHILLIPS

ANN ASHFORD

EMMA LETLEY

JOYCE IRENE WHALLEY

COVER PICTURE
A detail from Eugène Delacroix's unfinished self-portrait, painted in about 1852, bequeathed by the artist to his former schoolfellow Léon Blondel (in his will he described it as "mon portrait non tout à fait achevé, le fond est très obscur [l'habit noir]"); his family sold it in 1891 to P. A. Cheramy, who left it to the Uffizi where it now hangs. It is reproduced here from Volume Four of Lee Johnson's critical catalogue of Delacroix's paintings, which is reviewed, together with Volume Three, on page 583.

Beyond the great good place

John Bayley

LEON EDEL and LYALL H. POWERS (Editors)
The Complete Notebooks of Henry James
633pp, Oxford University Press. £25.
019 5037820

"I do always draw up", Henry James wrote in 1902 to H. G. Wells,

a preliminary private outpouring. But this voluminous effusion is, ever, so extremely familiar, confidential and intimate - in the form of an interminable garrulous letter addressed to my own fond fancy - that, though I always, for easy reference, have it carefully typed, it isn't a thing I would willingly expose to any eye but my own.

What would he have made, then, of the original publication of his *Notebooks* by Murdoch and Matthiessen in 1947? And what would he make of their augmentation now by a quantity of new "material" - the notes he dictated in later days, and on his deathbed, to his secretary; the pocket diaries in which he recorded, between 1909 and 1915, where he had been, or was going, to lunch or tea; the addresses and cash accounts written down over the same period?

The answer is sufficiently given, we might suppose, in a story like "The Real Right Thing" (1899), in which the devoted student of a great dead writer feels his ghostly and mutely protesting presence so strongly that he abandons any idea of producing a biographical study. As he grew legendary James also grew more inquisitive, as several tales show, about the commitments of becoming a legend. His *Notebooks* were not only the record, in Murdoch and Matthiessen's phrase, of his "fertile colloquy with himself"; they became something like his own Apologia, his most characteristic way of being Henry James, in which the isolation of that state was calmed and comforted by a perpetual dialogue with his "good angel".

"Causons, causons, mon bon - oh celestial soothing, sanctifying process." It follows, perhaps, that James would not in practice have been too affronted by the publication of the *Notebooks* in their original form, with their appended scenarios of *The Ambassadors* and *The Sense of the Past*. The 1947 edition showed him as he might well have wished the legend to show him - the great but also the intimate enquiring conscience, a source, as he said of his own Lambert Strether, "of what might be called excitement to himself", and thus to the reader, who finds himself all magnificently if

involuntarily enfolded in that intimacy. In a review of 1872 the young James had complained that Hawthorne did not "take his notebook into his confidence". By doing that so supremely James takes his reader into his confidence too, so that all three are members one of another in the great good place.

But this happy state of affairs did not last, perhaps could not last. The bad angel of life finally proved too strong for the good angel of art. When the Houghton Journals come to an end in May 1911 ("But I break down - letting the thing for the moment go") it was not for any reason as sudden and dramatic as that last sentence might suggest, but for some time a different order of being had been gradually imposing itself upon the ageing author. The writer's cramp which led him to dictate directly to a secretary was a minor matter, and in any case soon disappeared, while the convenience of the secretary and the Remington remained; more serious seems to have been James's growing awareness of his own loneliness, a solitude that could no longer be peopled with those delicious confabulations and confidences, looming, shining and shimmering - "too beautiful and too interesting". With the completion of *The Golden Bowl* (itself a scenario from many years back) and ideas for a few other stories, his work was done, though naturally enough he did not recognize the fact, nor that like any other old person he was beginning to turn from a subject into an object, from the lordly individuality of a revered and inspiring consciousness to the status of a fussy old party, sometimes querulous and often pathetic, preoccupied with symptoms, anxious not to forget names and engagements.

It is this James whom we meet in the journals and pocket diaries which make up this "complete" edition of the *Notebooks*, and it is not James as he would have wished posterity to view him. The disappointments of his theatre hopes had been triumphantly overcome, but in the first years of the new century he had probably suffered less visible internal reverses. The young Danish sculptor Andersen, over whom he had yearned with a fondness which must have surprised himself, had made it all too clear how much and how little he required of James's affections. Even attentive young friends like the charming Jocelyn Perse and the boyish Hugh Walpole were attentive for reasons which were not James's own, and the old master was not the man to be hoodwinked by the kinds and qualities of cupboard love. To see through Walpole even as he cherished him

no doubt gave a certain sardonic satisfaction.

The irony is that these relationships must not only have enhanced James's sense of loneliness but can have been no sort of substitute for that wonderful dialogue with himself, with his angelic *Daimon*, his potential reader, which led him into his true relation with the outer world, and whose effects and expression were the reverse of solipsistic. Real intimacies were dust and ashes compared with that sacred intimacy in which he communed with his own excitements, his own sense of possibility. But love, and the longing for love, attended the demise of art, as James in his stories had so often suspected they might.

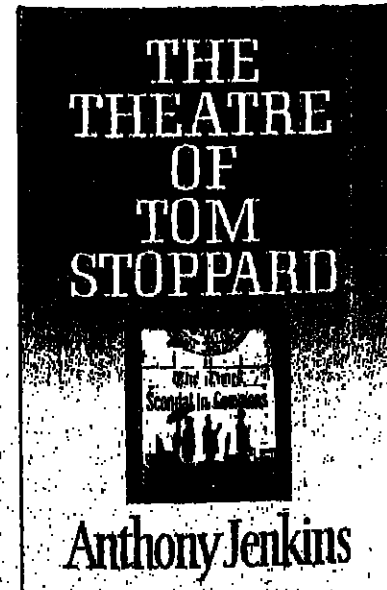
From this bench of desolation James characteristically appealed to his elder brother. His nephew Harry was dispatched from America and found his distinguished uncle in a sad state of near hysteria - "a portentous invalid". The doctors found nothing wrong, but Harry's account so alarmed William James and his wife that they decided to come over in support, despite William's severe heart condition. The 1910 pocket diary sketches the melancholy story of the next few months, culminating in William's death back at his country home in New England, attended by his wife and brother. William had talked of trying to "rench over" after death, and Henry had decided to stay in his sister-in-law's shelter for a few months to see if anything came of this. Nothing did, and Henry diagnosed that the language of the one message received at a séance showed the fraudulence of its claim to be William's.

But his own language had no words for occasions like these. Depression, illness and death left him capable of nothing but the factual jottings of everyday about times and places, his good days marked in red and the much more frequent bad ones in black. William's wife Alice could express such a situation better than her novelist brother-in-law, conveying the direness of their plight, as they struggled to find health in Switzerland and Bad Nauheim, in the phrase: "William cannot walk and Henry cannot smile." For Henry "the whole crisis" was "dreadful and unspeakable. Alice too wonderful, but I - I!" The editors none the less conjecture that at this time Henry may have had his memorable dream, related at leisure in the autobiography, about the evil spirit which he put to flight in the Galerie d'Apollon at the Louvre. The diary for July 21, 1910, only says "Woke up in great relief". Otherwise it is only "bad day", or "bromide a help", and the bald phrase "lovely day" refers only to the weather.

Baldest of all are the entries relating to the romantic liaison between Edith Wharton and the young Morton Fullerton, so bald that Leon Edel has to eke them out with a fairly fervid prose commentary. James found himself presiding over the affair, as elder statesman and supportive confidant. The irony, again, is that James had already, in *The Ambassadors*, presided over such a situation in terms of art ("Yes, they're my youth," Strether had said, "since somehow at the right time nothing else ever was") and to this banal repetition in life art had nothing more to offer. Life itself offered Mrs Wharton's votive patronage, and the motor car, to spins in which James became increasingly addicted, but there was nothing here to nourish a further dialogue with his good angel. Only on his death-bed, after heroic months visiting the wounded in war hospitals, does the dialogue flare up again in a kind of noble fantasy - Henry assuming the imperial and Napoleonic "We" in relation both to guardian angel and to his brother and sister, loyal junior members of the dynasty to whom he distributes largesse ("the Bonapartes have a kind of bronze distinction that extends to their finger-tips") but also hints of ruthlessness. "They pluck in their terror handfuls of plumes from the imperial eagle, and with no greater credit in consequence than that they face, keeping their equipoise, the awful bloody beak that he turns round upon them." That sentence has the full Jamesian movement. Half emperor, half tycoon, the old man has admitted the world war and the memoirs of Napoleon's Marshal Marbot equally to the pantheon of his last interior conversation.

It would be churlish to belittle the value, or in their own way the quality, of the pocket diaries and American journals. They provide a new view on James, a fresh intimacy of perspective. In the loneliness of his age James seems to fall in love with the jotted facts of day-to-day existence, as he had once done with the progress of creative rumination. He hastens to set down meetings and friends ("But those facts are already dim") as if seeing them in words for the first and last time. He even saw the Wright biplane ("Extraordinary thrilling beauty") and "the street-boy-faced Edison", encountered on his voyage home in August 1911 on the Mauretania. The contrast with the old *Notebooks* is complete. Professor Edel, who made such good use of the pocket diaries in his biography, points out that they were all discovered not in James's own archive - a meagre one because he had burned much and

CAMBRIDGE



The Theatre of Tom Stoppard

Addressed to the enthusiastic theatre-goer as well as students of contemporary theatre, this book is a comprehensive study of Tom Stoppard's plays. Anthony Jenkins examines Stoppard's playfulness, a theatrical strategy which conveys serious ideas with genuine feeling. The whole dramatic output is examined and comments on the radio and television plays interweave and support discussion of the major plays from *Travels with My Aunt* to *The Real Thing*.
191pp, 0 521 33286 4 £17.50 net

Sartre and 'Les Temps Modernes'

HOWARD DAVIES
This is a history of Jean-Paul Sartre's monthly review *Les Temps Modernes*, an immensely influential publication launched in 1945 and still being published. Dr Davies is the first author to examine the review from a multi-disciplinary viewpoint. The result is a panorama for forty years of French intellectual history, of debate and rivalry informed by and influencing the political struggles of the time.
288pp, 0 521 32553 6 £27.50 net
Cambridge Studies in French

Music in Early Christian Literature

Edited by JAMES W. MCKINNON
This book provides a collection of some 400 passages on music from early Christian literature - New Testament to c. 450 AD - newly translated from the original Greek, Latin and Syriac. The subject of liturgical chant is the central focus of the collection, but it also illustrates early Christian attitudes towards pagan musical culture.
191pp, 0 521 30497 0 £25.00 net
Cambridge Readings in the Literature of Music

Treatise on Harpsichord Tuning by Jean Denis

Edited and translated by VINCENT J. PANETTA
The *Treatise on Harpsichord Tuning* was the first French document to discuss keyboard performance practice in any detail. It addresses numerous matters of interest to both scholars and performers, including temperament, the use of the organ in liturgical practice. This edition includes an annotated English translation and an extensive introduction that places Denis and his treatise in a historical context.
136pp, 0 521 30628 0 Hard covers £25.00 net
0 521 31402 X Paperback £8.95 net

Patterns of Moral Complexity

CHARLES E. LARMORE
Charles Larmore aims to recover three pervasive and fundamental forms of moral complexity which moral and political philosophers have too often neglected. The book addresses some of the central issues which concern moral and political thinking today and attempts to restore to that thinking greater flexibility and a necessary sensitivity to our common experience.
209pp, 0 521 33034 3 Hard covers £25.00 net
0 521 33891 3 Paperback £7.50 net

Pleasure, Preference and Value

Studies in Philosophical Aesthetics
Edited by EVA SCHAPER
"This collection of essays... captures essential epistemological and logical concerns. The papers share the common features of high philosophical discourse coupled with an exemplary directness... The whole collection will be invaluable for aestheticians and philosophers generally."
172pp, 0 521 34967 2 Paperback £8.95 net

Men of Modest Substance

House Owners and House Property in Seventeenth-century Ankara and Kayseri
SURAIYA FAROQHI
Through her use of documents from the kadi registers of Ankara and Kayseri, Dr Faroghi shows the changes in patterns of house ownership in these two contrasting towns over approximately one century, and reveals an urban society which differs from the patterns generally associated with the 'Islamic city' model.
296pp, 0 521 32629 6 £27.50 net
Cambridge Studies in Islamic Civilization

Cambridge University Press
The Edinburgh Building, Shaftesbury Road, Cambridge CB2 2RU, England

A talent to perform

Gerald Mangan

ANDRO LINKLATER
Compton Mackenzie: A life
384pp. Chatto and Windus. £16.
0701125837

was only prevented by death from burning all—but among the family papers in an attic of William James's house in Irving Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Edel grows lyrical about the value of the survival, and for a reason in itself odd. "The visits to the dentist, the summons to the doctors, the long walks, the illnesses: and names of odd persons who were being touched in this way by genius, given a moment of posthumousness in a pocket diary!" Hagiography surely goes too far in seeing the highest function here of the Master's pen as blessing with a mention the "ordinary people" he meets. The tendency of the editors to appear as devoted nurses of James at his most infirm, fond custodians of his trivia, rather than—as Murdoch and Matthiessen were—seekers into his method and process at its most sublime, is emphasized by the general tone of the introduction. "At last I was peering into James's old workshops of the novel—the great desk or table by the west window, high above the flushed London sunsets at 34 De Vere Gardens, or the tranquil Garden Room of Lamb House, filled with the songs of birds and the hum of insects in the little brown port of Rye." This is James as the television cameras may soon begin to see him. And yet it is true that the balance of these complete *Notebooks* has itself something fully and touchingly human about it, bringing the genius who consorted with an angel together with the corpulent person in late middle age who sat down to breakfast.

The editing of the old *Notebooks* has been pursued by the new editors along different lines. The old print and format were easier to read. Murdoch and Matthiessen gave in their own words, and in italics, the subsequent history of a Jamesian *donnée*, and the changes made when it became a finished tale. Edel and Lyall H. Powers favour a more austere technique of footnoting, without any general commentary on the fate of an idea. To take an instance of the difference involved, an entry for June 15, 1901, refers to something suggested to James by one of his friend W. D. Howells's stories, "A Circle in the Water". The new editors give in a footnote the publishing history of this story, while the old edition said nothing. James never followed through this particular idea, but he connected it with another, which he called the "E. Deacon" or "E. P. D. Subject", first referred to in 1893. Here again the new edition scores heavily, for it prints as a detached piece after the conclusion of the *Notebooks* the Houghton manuscript in which James actually began his story on the "E. P. D. Subject". In general, therefore, the new edition has the better apparatus for scholars, while the old one is more helpful for students and amateurs of James's literary method. Ideally we should have both.

The two pages of story which James began in 1893 on "the E. P. D. Subject" seem extremely promising, with the immediate clarity and mastery of implication found in his very best tales. Why then did he discontinue the tale of Mrs Vanneck, a lively young wife with a distinguished father and a dull young muff of a rich husband, who "outs pictures out of the illustrated papers and pastes them in books"? The editors make no comment, but I wonder whether James may not have been aware of the situation's resemblance to that of Ada Leverton, "the Sphinx", the clever young woman who was to give her own account of her marital problems in her satirical trilogy, *The Little Ottilies*. Mrs Vanneck, who has already had a novel published, is much more "observed" than are most of the women in James's stories. She has the disconcerting gift of a "pretty stare", and is "never so lovely as in crossing the line that separated candour from reticence". Moreover she was so young to be so clever, and so unhelped to be so cultivated. With each touch of James's descriptive art she sounds more like a real person, and the art itself here is more daring, more broadly simple in its comic outlines, than is usual in his middle-to-late style. The fragment consists of a dialogue between the lady and an admirer ("He was not thought the stupidest of the young men, and he was not thought the handsomest; but this didn't prevent his being both very simple-minded and very good looking") and the peculiarly Jamesian drollery it catches is that of a clever frustrated woman reduced to treating as shrewd and sympathetic a young man nearly

as stupid as her husband, in order at least to have the relief of confiding in him. The "deep vagueness" of the young admirer ("His father was a bewildered country-gentleman, his mother was the daughter of a tarnished peer") is imitatively caught, and the fragment could even be said to suggest a bold departure towards incisive, directly observed social comedy, which James presumably then drew back from.

The same freshness is sadly lacking in the dictated notes for *The Ivory Tower* and *The Sense of the Past*, which date from round about 1914 and are included at the end of the volume. James had been through much by then, and was far from well. His talking aloud about the two novels which he never finished, and perhaps knew were not worth finishing, is voluminous without substance, a vague daydream rather than a colloquy. The secret of his ability never to bore us, even in his latest period, is that he is never self-indulgent; but he does begin to be boring, in his own way, in his idea for *The Sense of the Past*. Rather touchingly James sees himself, as his hero, in the past, in the history to which old people belong, and which is kinder to them than the present. In the conception of his hero, Ralph Pendrel, he goes back to an America which was in a sense an ideal country of the mind, a country which had little attraction for him when he was young, but which at least had no contact with the "livid vulgarity" of the present.

The real joy of the *Notebooks*, though, is to be found already in the 1947 edition, and the excitement of recapturing there James's own excitement in the chase, the tip of the tail to be caught before it whisked away. The contrast that has come to seem more striking is between the little anecdote that he picks up, and the gradual dramatization of it that takes place in self-colloquy ("Oh, divine old joy of the 'Scenarion'") until it has moved entirely into a world of form and finish. Drama for James, while embracing and validating the arts of the theatre, came to have no other connection with that place of ill-omen:

It isn't at all the contact with the theatre—still as ever, strangely odious: it's the contact with the DRAMA, with the divine little difficult, artistic, ingenious, architectural FORM that makes old pulses throb and old tears rise again. Ah, the one-act! Ah, the short story! It's very much the same trick!

To the very bottom of James's process, in his later art, goes the close acquaintance with the *Comédie Française* mentioned in the first of the American journals, the art of the event projected ingeniously into impossibility, and thus into the true aesthetic revelation. No wonder Virginia Woolf spoke enviously of "the great, whisking of silk handkerchiefs" that attends a Jamesian dénouement.

Yet in the notebook process something like the opposite can also be true. The marvellous account—very early on—of how *The Portrait of a Lady* must be worked out, is in a sense truer, more perceptive, more gripping than anything the novel itself could bring to fulfilment. Frequently the *Notebooks* fascinate us with an idea teased out into a situation too perfect even to complete as a tale, like the one developed from old Mrs Proctor's confiding to James that after "a long life of many troubles, sufferings, encumbrances and devastations", the real luxury was the sense that nothing could now happen, that she could just sit and read a book. James worked this up into a scenario in which an old girl should be in this happy state, his wife having left him, but then she returns repentant and longing for the same peace and calm, which of course destroys his. "I note this, I see it all, I feel for him. At last, abruptly, he disappears, leaving the wife in possession—given up to the same happy stillness as he was. It's such a luxury to just sit and read a book." It's the same book—one I have seen him read. "The story was never written—perhaps in some obscure way it was too near the knuckle—but the seeing and the hearing involved in it are like one that very much was. Jonathan Sturges, staying with James, had reported 'W. D. Howells's words: "Live all you can! It's a mistake not to." His *Notebooks* show the ways by which James avoided that mistake. "I can see as everything, thank God, does—it suggests a little situation"—one that James first thought of calling *Old Fellows*. Perhaps *The Ambassadors* was the better title.

During the First World War, when Compton Mackenzie's reputation as a serious novelist was at its height, very few of his admirers would have believed that his posthumous fame would rest largely on a pot-boiler written in his sixties. *Whisky Galore* (1947) and other Highland farces have now effectively eclipsed the greater part of his gargantuan output, both serious and comic; but it may well be their continuing popularity that has ensured the renewed editions of his sombre early *Sinister Street* (1914). It was that immense *Bildungsroman* that inspired Henry James to welcome him as "by far the greatest talent of the new generation", and later exerted an acknowledged influence on the young Scott Fitzgerald.

From those high judgment-seats, the young Oxford dandy who dazzled Edwardian London would now have to be considered, by and large, as a spectacular disappointment. "A perfectionist who took a wrong turning" was Raymond Mortimer's view of him; but his rise and fall as a novelist, to the point where he frankly deprecated himself as a mere "entertainer", makes an absorbing story that encourages a more equivocal verdict. In the course of a prodigiously varied career as actor, poet, playwright, preacher, spy, politician, land owner and media-celebrity, his flamboyant and protean personality took more than one questionable turning; and despite the reams of self-description he left behind, he has clearly bequeathed some rich enigmas to his biographer.

Besides the hundred-odd publications listed in an appendix, including fourteen volumes of memoirs and much autobiographical fiction, Andro Linklater has drawn on a large archive of personal documents, two unfinished studies and several living memories to assemble this first full biography; but it has plainly not been a simple task to identify the man behind the many masks. His own boyhood acquaintance with his subject, as a close friend of his father Eric Linklater, has given him an advantage of sorts, but his approach is visibly influenced by the memory of his personal charm. The result is a meticulous but often over-fond portrait of a figure whose real masterpiece he judges to be "the quixotic, extravagant performance of his life".

Although he could change roles with the ease of a chameleon, Mackenzie's real origins were not altogether at odds with his most enduring incarnation as a self-made laird, and creator of stage-Scotsmen. His Highland blood was seriously diluted by some five generations in London, but it was in his veins somewhere; and the Victorian stage was the first world he knew. His Anglo-American mother, Virginia Bateman, was the leading lady in the touring company founded by his father, Edward Compton, whose stage-name he inherited along with the ancestral surname; and his birth in West Hartlepool in 1883 was an off-stage event in the midst of a crowded touring-schedule, which made his earliest infancy nomadic.

Severed abruptly from his adored mother, who left him behind in their gloomy London house to continue touring, he fell under the draconian rule of a bibulous nanny; and this chapter was later painted, in the darkest shades, as a purgatory which only the rare visits of his parents could relieve. *Sinister Street* gives the fullest version of himself as a lonely and terrified child, racked by nightmares in a fog-bound house; but this comparatively brief period seems to have left permanent marks, and miserable childhoods became a predictable feature of later novels. He learned a form of self-discipline that enabled him to deny his deepest fears and longings at will; and he remained abnormally dependent, well into middle age, on the approval of his mother. Despite her own inherited faith in the benefits of suffering, which led her to sanction the nanny's régime, he seems never to have identified her as the real source of his misery.

In the definition applied by Cyril Connolly to the typical fictional hero of Mackenzie's generation, the years at public school reveal him, by contrast, as a "born success". His only

schoolboy passion was platonic, it would seem, and his virginity was surrendered to the family cook, in a fashion normal enough for the time; but among his growing pains, much is made of a latent streak of sadism, which came to represent all the pleasures of conscious evil. Nothing seems to have occurred outside his brooding imagination, which linked it to the experience of early chastisement, but the fear of it precipitated a crisis that determined his whole future outlook. By his own account, it turned a haunted youth into a lifelong extrovert "temperamentally incapable of dwelling on unhappiness".

Considering the effects of this remarkable conversion ("Never again did he give way to introspection and self-criticism"), very little light is shed on the crisis by either Mackenzie's or Linklater's account—which tells us of a baseless charge of seducing younger boys, an angry self-defence, a feigned breakdown and a rest cure in France. If this is what dispelled the shades of sin, the evocation of which makes *Sinister Street* almost unique among his novels for a certain depth of spiritual vision, the record is missing a page; and the lacuna is not insignificant. Did he suffer so deeply that he resolved never to dig under the surface again? In later years, he seems to have been offering an explanation when he applied a friend's definition of saintliness to himself: "To be capable of any evil, but to choose the good". The question should probably be considered in the light of his flair for self-dramatization, and his dogmatic optimism ("I sympathise with the sun-dial's preference for sunny hours"); but whatever the truth, it is a version that allows the rest of the story to be told as a continuous performance, largely uninhibited by analysis.

When he later claimed to view his education as a "handicap", Mackenzie—a natural and eternal philanderer—seems to have had his restrictive sexual codes in mind. He deliberately curtailed this propensity at the age of twenty-two, by his marriage to Faith Stone, but he would have done well to question Oxford's conditioning of his whole sensibility. His formative period under the dreaming spire, among the fading blooms of romanticism, enveloped him in an aesthetic that hampered his adjustment to the modern movement. His first novel was an eighteenth-century pastiche, produced after several false starts as a playwright, and his first big success *Carnival* (1912) was a bitter-sweet romance, admirably suited to popular taste.

Sinister Street was the culmination of a style that looked unashamedly backward, to Meredith and James and made Connolly classify it, in a moment of generosity, as "an important bad book". Linklater makes a case for reading it as an anticipation of Freudian theory, in its exploration of sexual repression; and it is certainly bold enough to have been frowned on by a couple of generations of schoolmasters; but his flattering comparisons with Proust and Joyce are not convincing. Its morality is Catholic and essentially conservative, and it has dated, in a way that *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* has not, largely through its failure to transcend the mannerisms of the period it portrays. It remains a product of Edwardian England, as Mackenzie himself largely remained—willing to reject the nineteenth century and not quite able to accept the twentieth.

Although he quickly recognized the war as a watershed, likely to render much of his world obsolete, he threw himself into it with characteristic élan. As a war-correspondent at Gallipoli his talent for establishing "a ruthless intimacy of understanding" attracted the notice of Intelligence, and before long he was appointed head of counter-espionage in Athens. He justified their faith in him by compiling a massive dossier of enemy agents, and inventing a system of visas (more or less as we know it today) as a cover for surveillance. His sympathy for the democratic premier, Venizelos, who shared his own Byronic dreams of Greek domination in the Eastern Mediterranean, led him to conspire on his own initiative for the overthrow of the pro-German king Constantine; and he pulled off an impressive series of coups towards that end. By 1917 he had turned the whole Cyclades archipelago into a small kingdom of his own, and ruled it with such disarming panache that the head of the Secret Service (later M16) proposed to

appoint him as his successor. Mackenzie declined, in favour of a return to writing; but the story had a dramatic sequel in 1932, when his memoirs of the campaign were prosecuted under the Official Secrets Act—under direct pressure, as it turned out, from George V himself.

The next in a long series of island homes was Capri, where he and Faith became central figures in a colourful menagerie of expatriates, later portrayed in *South Wind* by their friend Norman Douglas. D. H. Lawrence was a frequent guest at their cliff-top villa, and became a favourite subject for impersonation in Mackenzie anecdotes (a comic turn that sounds genuinely funny). Their relations were surprisingly cordial but Lawrence later took a maliciously shrewd view of him in one of his best stories, *The Man Who Loved Islands* (1930) which satirized his lordly elegance and identified his need for barriers against his irrational self. It was clearly inspired by Mackenzie's financially disastrous experiment as landlord of Herm in the Channel Islands, where he re-settled in 1921 and practised a benevolent despotism over a discordant community of natives. The character's search for a "perfect unchanging world", which leads him to seek out ever more remote islands to inhabit, is a reflection of Mackenzie's own subsequent retreat, with an obvious sense of relief, to the neighbouring islet of Jethou.

Mackenzie was now working fast enough to turn out three or four books a year—but quality was being sacrificed to quantity, in a manner reminiscent of Sir Walter Scott, in order to meet the cost of his lavish way of living, and there are few signs of a troubled artistic conscience. "You get no sense from him that he feels his work has gone to pieces", Scott Fitzgerald observed to a friend after a visit in 1925. "He's not pompous about his print output. I think he's just tired. The war wrecked him, as it did Wells and many of that generation..." Cultural shell-shock may have been a factor, but Mackenzie's tireless

energy rather belies this diagnosis. The deepening vacuum in his work looks more like an effect of the profit motive, and his authorial tendency to look more outward than inward.

Whatever the explanation, it seems plain that even the grand projects for serious fiction, realized in the form of a religious trilogy (1922–4), the long series he called *The Theatre of Youth*, and the vast autobiographical tetralogy *The Four Winds of Love* (1937–45), are fatally flawed by his peculiar brand of egotism, and an incurable prolixity. Few have been reprinted, and it is not easy to verify Linklater's claims for their virtues; but his vivid synopses convey a distinct impression that they are as dull in their worthiness, as the comedies are dull in their determination to amuse. The one possible exception, and the likeliest candidate for re-issue, is his last serious novel, *Thin Ice* (1956)—a first-person narrative in the voice of a black-haired homosexual, drawn from the experiences of Tom Driberg and Harold Nicolson, which openly attacked the injustices of the existing laws.

He had touched the subject before, in *Extraordinary Women* (1928), a fairly daring picture of lesbian intrigues on Capri, and it seems to have brought out the best in him; but his identification with the outcast is clearly no reflection of his own sexuality. His childless marriage to Faith, which lasted in a public sense until her death in 1960, had been an "open" relationship since the Armistice, when he learned of her infidelity during his absence; and he seems never to have been short of mistresses thereafter. After the highly literate and often highly strung Faith, his taste seems to have turned to simpler natures. When one of his *alter egos* remarks that "Men with brains are happiest with wives who express essential womanhood", he seems to mean the young Hebridean girl, Christie MacSween, who became his "housekeeper" for thirty-five years and later his second wife.

For the meditative hero of *The Four Winds of Love*, the climax of a long spiritual quest, is the embrace of the land of his ancestors,

conceived as the spirit of the feminine:

I love Scotland, and whenever and wherever I feel that glow, it sets my heart beating as women in their day have set it beating. . . . The love I have for Scotland seems to me now the finest and perfect expression of my own vitality within the bounds of mortal flesh.

It is well to be reminded that, if his crowded career had ended in the mid-1920s, he would no more be considered as a Scot, nowadays, than the Australian premier of the same name. Bonnie Prince Charlie had been his nursery idol and he had gone to war flying the Lion Rampant; but he was forty-three before he set foot on Scottish soil. Casting around for a new background, he had just failed to purchase a coveted house in Ireland; and he was drawn north only when a group of islets in the Minch were accidentally knocked down to him for a bargain at a London auction.

What followed was a remarkable exercise in re-identification, even for one of his proven talents as a borrower of colours ("I can scarcely remember a time when I was not a perverted Gael"). Native Scots are not unaccustomed to the spectacle of long-lost sons turning up, after an absence of generations, to declaim their patriotism in dress-tartan. But when Mackenzie suddenly mounted the soapbox to promote the new Scottish Nationalist movement, and to lecture the populace on his ideals for "a federation of Celtic states", he must have called up untapped resources of native cynicism.

"For many years a sentimental Jacobitism is the emotion that has kept alive the idea of Scotland as a nation," began one of his polemics, "and it is now the duty of the nationalist leaders to see that such fervour is given an opportunity for practical expression." The choice of phrasing here, beginning with an apparent condemnation of the sentimental and ending with a plea for its expression in action, could hardly be more revealing. This whole chapter is a useful reminder that Mackenzie's romanticism, with its religious and royalist flavour, moulded many of the original features

of the nationalist movement that continue to alienate the Scottish Left. And it does not reflect well on his principal co-founder Hugh MacDiarmid, who must have found him a useful asset for publicity, that he compromised his own socialism merely to endorse Mackenzie's "unimpaired, undecieved intuition of the Commons of Scotland".

His parliamentary ambitions were short-lived, but his conversion went deep enough to keep him resident in Scotland, apart from a few post-war years, until his death in 1972. He was the knight of the airwaves, by that time, and "the sun-king of Edinburgh society", holding court in a large New Town house; but the background still most often associated with him is the Outer Hebrides. The island of Barra, where he spent the Second World War and set several comedies besides *Whisky Galore*, had appealed to him instantly as a self-contained society, in which every islander could regard himself as "an aristocrat of the democracy". I have personally heard more than one islander deplore his patronizing version of the local speech (what Linklater calls his "secure command of Gaelic cadences"), but he was obviously an honoured resident there, and they were not ungrateful for the tourist trade he attracted.

The true story of the plundered whisky-cargo casts an interesting sidelight on his methods in the novel, but it would be hard to deny that the film is an improvement on both. He wrote the screenplay himself (one of the few genres in which he was not staggeringly prolific) and also played the part of Captain McKechnie. It is probably a matter for regret that he did not become a film-star, as he would have liked, and thus enabled posterity to judge more of his performances as he played them. Mr Linklater, who clearly endorses his father's praise of him as "the very top and flourish of good company", points out that the harshest critics of Mackenzie are those who never had the pleasure of seeing him in action; and his portrait is certainly life-like enough to explain how he was seduced.

History

Labour People

Leaders and Lieutenants: Hardie to Kinnock

Kenneth O. Morgan

"Morgan can bring to the study of the Labour Party, a knowledge of its entire history that is second to none." Ben Pimlott. *New Society*
A gallery of vivid portraits of charismatic figures throughout the nine decades of Labour's history.

0 19 822928 1, illustrated £12.95

Patronage, Art, and Society in Renaissance Italy

Edited by F. W. Kent and Patricia Simons

These essays explore our new understanding of Renaissance Italy as a patronage society, and consider its implications for the study of art patronage and patron-client structures, wherever they occur.

0 19 821978 4, illustrated, Clarendon Press/Humanities Research Centre £35.00

The 'Hitler Myth'

Image and Reality in the Third Reich

Ian Kershaw

In this study of the Nazi state, based largely on the reports of government officials, party agencies, and political opponents, Dr Kershaw charts the creation, growth, and decline of the 'Hitler Myth'.

0 19 821964 4, Clarendon Press £27.50

The Iron Curtain

Churchill, America, and the Origins of the Cold War

Fraser Harbutt

A penetrating examination of diplomatic relations between the United States, Great Britain, and Soviet Russia in the years of the Second World War and directly after, seen in the context of Winston Churchill's influence.

0 19 803817 7, OUP USA £22.50

Music

Handel's Operas 1704-1726

Winton Dean and John Merrill Knapp

"magnificent . . . indispensable book which reassesses Handel's place as an opera composer who ranks alongside Monteverdi, Mozart, and Verdi." Nicholas Kenyon. *The Observer*

0 19 316219 3, illustrated, Clarendon Press £55.00

Philosophy

The Mind of God and the Works of Man

Edward Craig

Seeking to discover the connection between philosophy as studied in universities and those general views of man and reality which are 'philosophy' to the educated layman, Edward Craig offers in this book a view of philosophy and its history since the early seventeenth century.

0 19 824933 0, Clarendon Press £25.00

Incompleteness, Nonlocality, and Realism

A Prolegomenon to the Philosophy of Quantum Mechanics

Michael Redhead

Unravelling some of the mystery in quantum mechanics, this book is concerned, in particular, with questions about action-at-a-distance, holism, and whether quantum mechanics gives a complete account of micro-physical reality.

0 19 824937 3, Clarendon Press £25.00

Essays in Ancient Philosophy

Michael Frede

Michael Frede's essays deal with epistemological issues faced by the Stoics and the Sceptics, and with several branches of learning—medicine and grammar—that were once closely linked to philosophy.

0 19 824917 9, Clarendon Press £32.50

0 19 824940 3, paperback £11.50

HUMANITIES

from

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Literature

The Oxford Illustrated History of English Literature

Edited by Pat Rogers

Britain's great literary heritage is explored and celebrated in this beautifully illustrated volume, covering the whole range of English Literature from Anglo-Saxon times to the present day.

0 19 812616 9, illustrated in colour and black and white, Clarendon Press £17.50

The Collected Letters of Katherine Mansfield

Volume 2: 1918-1919

Edited by Vincent O'Sullivan with Margaret Scott

"Letters . . . as disturbing and enriching as any fiction." Penelope Lively, *Daily Telegraph*
"we do get, and it is impressive, a vision of a true writer for whom work was both life and salvation." Patricia Bear, *Sunday Telegraph*

0 19 812614 X, illustrated, Clarendon Press £17.50

The Concise Oxford Companion to American Literature

James D. Hart

This new compact edition of a classic guide to American Literature contains some 2,000 entries of which 325 are on contemporary authors.

0 19 803892 3, OUP USA £18.50

The need for wilderness

Barbara Hardy

FLEUR ADCOCK (Editor)
The Faber Book of Twentieth-Century
Women's Poetry
330pp. Faber. £9.95 (paperback, £4.95).
0571 13692 3

Anthologists walk a tight-rope. We like them to be neither idiosyncratic nor bland, to reveal patterns of history and genre while stamping a mindprint on miscellany. This collection teems with too many good poems to be dull, but lacks shape and signature.

The big names—Marianne Moore, Elizabeth Bishop, Stevie Smith, Sylvia Plath and Adrienne Rich, spread over many pages. There are recent favourites such as Amy Clampitt, Wendy Cope and Selima Hill. The selective scatter reaches Australia, New Zealand and Canada as well as the United Kingdom and America. The editor deliberately excludes high-pitched screams, rough aggressions, ragged confessions, incantations. She has a habit of hedging round her categories with so many qualifications that they shrink to nothing; I found no stated reason for omitting, say, the structured, impassioned reasoning of incantatory poetry like Anne Ridler's "A Matter of Life and Death" or some of Ruth Fairlight's *Sybil*s. The mystical and visionary are out. So is the id, the radical shout and the linguistic experiment (the one exception is Adrienne Rich. Fleur Adcock's selection seems to compound an inclination in which women's poetry to be civilized, hyperconscious, reconciliatory, unified. The super-ego rules. Rebellions against form are barely visible. A line of comic or playful defensiveness verges at times on the arch or cute; it often appears, in Frances Cornford, Edna St Vincent Millay, the sweet Elizabeth Daryush, Wendy Cope, Margaret Atwood's amusing but one-read stand, "Sirens", and the extravagantly admired, understandably beloved, over-represented Stevie Smith. Some of this might have been replaced by Diane Wakoski, Judith Johnson Sherwin, or women's poetry about the Spanish Civil War. But it's too tempting to argue with the judge. Fleur Adcock uses the word "justice" as if critics dealt in absolutes. She should look back at the bad record of contemporary judgments over the centuries, smile and be sceptical.

Adrienne Rich stands for radical feminism, trying for new languages. (She is also one of the most learnedly allusive of the poets here.) Somewhat isolated among the tamer feminists, she comes over—despite the stridency of polemic, for which the editor's distaste is understandable—as wonderfully rough, true, intellectually, as well as affectively brave. Quiet feminism has its moments, starting with Anna Wickham's short, understated "Fired Pot", in which a woman watching sisters "Passionate about plus, and pence, and soap" is fired (inflamed and toughened) by a soldier's advances, declined but enjoyed. Many poets make up the civilized face of sexual politics, including Louise Glück, Denise Levertov, May Swenson, June Cooper, and, despite her wildness and storms, Sylvia Plath, the most distinguished instance of an imagination which includes but transcends feminist attack, jealousy, and bitterness. (The dedication to Plath's "Elm" is left out: why? Dedications are usually regarded as part of the text.) Elizabeth Bartlett's "Contre Jour" uses woman's drudgery both to specify and to motonymize social victims. Tess Gallagher's "Each Bird Walking" outmatches her splendid "Instructions to the Double", moving from woman to man in a powerfully tender poem about a man's tenderness. Elina Mitchell's "Thoughts after Ruskin" races with violent imagery of bloody passages and hairy cranies, but its final descent to ironies about cosmetic lilies and roses is a final instance of the womanly reconciling urge. It is a relief to move from conversions and assimilations of bad feeling to Rich's reconstructive raging, exalted by context.

That original poet and eccentric thinker, Laura Riding, refuses to be included in a woman's anthology. There is only a sentence in the Introduction for her spare force. Elizabeth Bishop, richly and solidly dominant here, shared Riding's views, but editor and executor had the last word. Since Fleur Adcock half-

apologetically lays the responsibility for including two of her own poems at the door of her editor, a man, she might have taken time to justify appropriating the now passive Bishop. There are other omissions too, mostly in evaluative argument, some of which seems almost ashamed of its own weakness. The contrast between Moore and Bishop seems unjustified and unillustrated. There is one clanging "of course" which marks a gap in argument: "what is different about poetry by women, of course, is not its nature but the fact that until recently it has been undervalued and to some extent neglected."

One of the vast differences between women's poetry and men's is that there is very little women's poetry. The editor claims historical concern but nowhere looks back at the last century. The Victorian novel was largely shaped by women but you can write a history of Victorian poetry without mentioning more than two women. Why? The editor says that men have used the image of a female, the Muse, excluding women from inspiration, but ignores the socio-sexual implications of the myth. She says vaguely that "a lot" of women were writing—I think she means in the early decades of this century—but never seems to read the pattern of her own book. The volume starts strongly with the erotic, vigorous and ranging imagination of Charlotte Mew, in poems creating masculine centres for lyrical narratives of desire and thirst. Despite Adcock's inclusion of as many writers as possible from the early period and exclusion of poets born after 1945, the proportions are eloquent: fourteen poets with birth-dates in the last century, fifty with birth-dates in this one.

Psycho-drama

Michael O'Neill

BLAKE MORRISON
The Ballad of the Yorkshire Ripper and Other Poems
61pp. Chatto and Windus. Paperback, £4.95.
07011 32272

The Ballad of the Yorkshire Ripper, Blake Morrison's second collection, is full of poems that seem engrossed by the workings of their own language. "Night Mail" offers itself as a politicized rewriting for the 1980s of Auden's famous poem. But, where Auden concludes with a question which invites our assent ("For who can bear to feel himself forgotten?"), Morrison finishes with an image (the future's "unopened envelope waiting down the line") that has its eye as much on itself as on its subject. More purposefully, the title poem relates the "career" of Peter Sutcliffe to the assumptions of a culture that believes "men must have powerance/or world will go to rot", and narrates it in a Yorkshire dialect through

May 24th, 1980

I have braved, for want of wild beasts, steel cages,
carved my term and nickname on bunks and rafters,
lived by the sea, flashed aces in an oasis,
dined with the devil-knows-whom; in tails, on truffles.
From the height of a glacier I beheld half a world, the earthy
width. Twice have drowned, thrice let knives rake my nitty-gritty.
Quit the country that bore and nursed me.
Those who forgot me would make a city.
I have waded the steppes that saw yelling Huns in saddles,
worn the clothes nowadays back in fashion in every quarter,
planted rye, tarred the roofs of pigsties and stables;
guzzled everything save dry water.
I've admitted the sentries' third eye into my wet and foul
dreams. Munched the bread of exile: it's stale and warty.
Granted my lungs all sounds except the howl;
switched to a whisper. Now I am forty.
What should I say about life? That it's long and abhors transparency.
Broken eggs make me grieve; the omelette, though, makes me vomit.
Yet until brown clay has been crammed down my larynx,
only gratitude will be gushing from it.

JOSEPH BRODSKY



A detail from Esther Bubley's photograph of girls in a cafeteria is reproduced from Let Us Now Praise Famous Women: Women photographers for the US government, 1935 to 1944 by Andrea Fisher (160pp. Pandora, £9.95. 086358 123 4).

She says that women refuse to think it's too late to start, but this is because many of them haven't had the acculturated confidence and free affective experience to begin early. Louise Bogan in "Women" (not here) observes that "Women have no wilderness in them". The wilderness, not the home, is where the Muse is happy. There are moments when Fleur Adcock's fast-moving, wide-ranging, often self-erasing train of thought veers close to this

which misogyny betrays itself.

That, at any rate, is the idea. A note glosses "t'owerance" as "the upper hand"; the phrase is one of a number where dialect is handled in a way that feels closer to excavation than speech. What prompts more serious concern (and consorts uneasily with the poem's feminist attitudes) is the ventriloquizing relish with which the unavoidably gory details are recounted. The blurb's construction of a narrator, "unnamed and enigmatic", merely shifts the buck. At its best, the poem is sardonic, impassioned and oddly tender. Yet the experiment with dialect can look arty, aestheticizing: "B shish-kebab'd their pupils" may be gruesome and "ah mend em all wi kindness" wish-fulfilling, but both lines are too self-contentedly the product of textual "play".

Morrison's poems are strong on tricks and effects, short on arrangements of words that strike the mind and ear as inevitable. "Mist" is a garrulously secret narrative that abuses the freedoms offered by "like" and provides a spectacular display of overwriting: "But when I woke in the morphine of evening / the sky was

ridged with quiet like a scallop shell". "We played out our drama of abandonment", gushes the narrator at one point, but "drama" is conspicuously absent from this self-indulgent piece. The poem's robes, at once Marian and Motionless, have that borrowed air which sometimes haunts Morrison's language.

At times there is an attempt to make a virtue out of what may be a necessity, as if the poet believed with Barthes that "the text is a tissue of quotations". The opening of "Summer burning" ("Was it *thrup* or *thrip* . . .") acknowledges its entrance into Heaney territory by way of a glancing allusion to the start of "Summer Home" ("Was it wind off the dunes . . ."). "Superstore" begins with a parody of Larkin at his most drab as it catalogues "kiddyseats, barbecues, / woodfiller, Polyfills, turps"; it tries to get out of trouble by dallying with cliché ("I could go on, and do go on"); the fifth stanza's metaphor of "screened confessions" where we "learn new versions of ourselves" switches on to a different though familiar stylistic track; the conclusion's "darkness where no one's serving / and there's nothing to choose from at all" swings back to Larkin at his most glum. The poem is well-meaning and well-observed; but it collapses into gestures, seems an anthology of styles.

A similar ambivalence is provoked by the more overtly political "Xerox". Though the details are striking ("A lightshow begins under the trapdoor: / it flashes and roars, flashes and plashes"); it's doubtful whether they "add up", despite the swagger with which the final stanza braves this very issue: "And what has this to do with it?". The plainer, graver style in which the last paragraph of "On Sizewell Beach" is written is impressive, however. The syntactical control and momentum (the paragraph is a single sentence) contribute to the poem's success:

an eternity of bodywork blotting out the view,
a cloud or an eclipse which hangs before the eye
and darkens all behind them, clearing at last
to the joy of finding her still standing there,
the three of us spared that other life we dream of
where the worst has already happened
and we are made to dwell forever on its shore.

The shadowing of present joy by imagined disaster is perhaps the collection's deepest note. Along with a clutch of shorter, less ambitious but fully achieved poems ("Pomagne", "On Sizewell Beach" shows what this talented poet is capable of when the search for effect gives way to a trust in feeling.

Blown on the wind

Alistair Hennessy

ALANKNIGHT
The Mexican Revolution
Volume One: Porfirians, Liberals and Peasants
620pp. £37.50. 0 521 24475 7
Volume Two: Counter-Revolution and Reconstruction
679pp. £37.50. 0 521 26651 3
Cambridge University Press.
DUDLEY ANKERSON
Agrarian Warlord: Saturnino Cedillo and the Mexican Revolution in San Luis Potosí
303pp. Northern Illinois University Press.
£38.40.
087580 101 3

The Mexican Revolution, beginning in 1910, was the first of the great social upheavals of the twentieth century and, in its scale and its violence, has had few parallels. Interpretations of it are both conflicting and confusing, and until recently its historians have been less than helpful in explaining it. The very complexity and incoherence of the early days—"one damn caudillo after another", with a depressing catalogue of slaughtered leaders: Madero, Carranza, Villa, Zapata, Obregón and many lesser figures, whose betrayals and duplicity bred a cynicism which finds pungent expression in the murals of Orozco—was a powerful deterrent to scholarship. Historians needed strong stomachs, endless patience and empathy with the unfamiliar to make sense of such incoherence, and while they dithered, the popular vision of the Revolution held sway, peddled by Hollywood and its Mexican imitators, of a Mexico peopled by bandoliered, mustachioed, drink-sodden, drug-stupefied bandits.

The dust has now settled, however, and we are reaching a position where probably more is known about the Mexican than about any other twentieth-century revolution, although its essence still remains elusive. Compared with the accounts of the endless shuffling of bureaucrats' papers and hair-splitting party congresses which sometimes pass for the history of the Russian Revolution, those of the Mexican are richly rewarding. This has been due partly to the work of anthropologists, which has enabled historians to reach a clearer understanding of the mechanisms of local life and to approach the tortuous course of the Revolution from below. From the accounts of local rivalries one derives a greater sympathy for those politicians who have subsequently been so obsessed with the problems of law and order and the fabrication of a revolutionary consensus. It is due also to the recent historiographical renaissance, in which Mexican historians themselves have played the leading role, with support from the huge graduate programmes of American universities.

It is perhaps premature to speak of a British school of Mexican history, although the contribution made by historians here has been substantial. The most recent one, and the most impressive so far, is Alan Knight's remarkable *The Mexican Revolution*, which must rank among the finest pieces of historical scholarship to have appeared in this country over the past decade, and deserves a much wider audience than Mexicanists alone (it is symptomatic of the academic times in Britain that Knight has moved to Texas). It might indeed succeed in doing what no other work has so far done—in making other historians take Latin American and especially Mexican history seriously. Although readers may well blush at some of its complexities, the subtle construction of the book, with its changes of pace and style as narrative alternates with analysis, punctuated by perceptive comments on the nature of historical processes, enlivened by amusing vignettes and apt quotation, and encompassing a wide range of comparisons with social development elsewhere, makes it a rewarding experience. Knight has read and absorbed the literature of political scientists and development economists without being seduced by them; he sketches their jargon but incorporates their findings. Historians of other revolutions will find much of value and wisdom here.

Earlier studies have tended to concentrate on the heroic period between 1910 and 1920, which more recently there has been a concentration on the *caudillo* phase of the post-

1920s, partly in an attempt to explain "what has gone wrong". Assumptions that the Revolution lost its way presuppose a view of what it was about in the first place. Knight concentrates on the early period, tracing the causes and course of the Revolution up to the 1920s and in doing so offers little comfort to those who want to categorize it as peasant, bourgeois, petit-bourgeois or whatever. He admits to being an unashamed conservative and anti-revisionist, believing that Frank Tannenbaum "grasped the character of the 1910 Revolution as a popular, agrarian movement—the precursor, the necessary precursor, of the *caudillo* revolution of post 1920". Tannenbaum, the confidant of Lázaro Cárdenas, president from 1934 to 1940, who breathed new life into the agrarian revolution after his predecessor Calles had pronounced it finished in 1930, had an empathy with the Indian peasantry, who appear in revisionist accounts only as a passive, manipulable mass or as cannon-fodder for dogmatic theorists. As Knight remarks, "Marxist historians (of abstract bent) still assert the central role of the masses, but they often assert more than they illustrate". The great quality of this book is that it sets out to illustrate and in doing so brings out the immense variations and complexity of local regional politics, the central role of clientelist relationships and the nature of *caudillo* rule. It has taken many years for historians to recognize that Namier rather than Marx might provide a more illuminating guide to the study of Latin American societies, at least in the initial phase, before resorting to generalization based on class analysis.

Knight does not claim to be comprehensive in his treatment. The wider diplomatic repercussions are only touched on, but these have been amply and painstakingly covered in Friedrich Katz's *The Secret War in Mexico: Europe, the United States and the Mexican Revolution*. Knight's heavy reliance on foreign sources is to be explained by their accessibility as well as by their richness and surprising perceptiveness. The wealth of those sources is evidence of the importance which the United States and Europe placed on a country which was the world's largest oil producer before the First World War and which seemed also to provide a model for development in the non-European world. Knight's sources inevitably concentrate on the capital, Mexico City, although not exclusively so, but he swims with current trends in also drawing sustenance from the work of local and regional historians.

Mexico in 1910 serves as a warning not to be misled by outward appearance. The century celebrations of independence provided an occasion for advertising the modernity of the Mexican State and the triumphs of the developmental philosophies of the day. But the pageantry was a façade. There had been rumblings—strikes in the copper mines at Cananea and in the textile factories of Rio Blanco, and graphic accounts of rural misery, as in Turner's *Barbarous Mexico*, with its story of slave conditions on the plantations of southern Mexico—but these were discounted as the inevitable, but perhaps only temporary, social costs of economic progress, the growing pains inseparable from modernization, and were swept aside by the flow of adulation.

It has become accepted wisdom that dislocations in poor countries are a consequence of imperialist expansion and exogenous influences and it cannot be denied that a thirty-fold increase in foreign investment during the Porfiriato, mainly from the United States, dislocated local communities, as in the case of those affected by the railway-building programme. But Knight, rightly I think, gives these influences a low priority as a causal factor. Remarkable, of all the great revolutions of the twentieth century only those in Latin America—Mexico and Cuba—have not come as a result of war against an outside power. War provides one of the most effective ways of mobilizing peasants by politicizing them in discontented armies where they become accessible to radical agitators.

What has to be explained in the Mexican case is why and how peasants, in the absence of an external war, were roused and mobilized in such numbers, and it is here that Knight's work is most convincing. In addition to providing a stimulating survey of the causes of peasant discontent, he differentiates between varying

types of unrest, making a distinction between *serrano* and agrarian revolts. Although these are not mutually exclusive, the antithesis points the contrast between movements located in isolated mountainous communities reacting against threats from encroaching State power and increased fiscal burdens, and agrarian movements where changes in agricultural practices disrupted traditional village communities—the most famous example being in Morelos, where sugar plantations, expanding to fill the vacuum left by the decline in Cuban sugar production in the 1890s, dispossessed villagers of their land and by overriding traditional communal rights fuelled the *zapaista* movement. It is not, Knight comments, exploitation *per se* but arbitrary exploitation which fuels moral outrage and sustains the momentum of peasant rebellion.

Some historians have been quick to dismiss *zapaismo* and other peasant movements as reactionary. Peasants betray that alliance between workers and peasants on which any "genuine" revolutionary movement must rest. But Jean Meyer's view, although perhaps overstated, is that the largest peasant mobilization during the Revolution—the *cristero* movement, the great afterglow of counter-revolutionary thunder of the mid-1920s—drew its strength from outrage at town-based anti-clericals, who in desecrating churches were destroying the sanctified symbols of community in the name of an abstract principle which might or might not bring benefits in its wake. Who were the revolutionaries and who the reactionaries? Knight argues that it was a "reactive" violence based on communities whose norms were nostalgic which underpinned the Revolution.

Remove the charismatic source of royal justice and legitimacy and to whom and to what does one appeal? In societies where bureaucratic norms do not prevail the source of justice will be personalized. It may seem odd to attribute this to rough *caudillos* but in such societies the bonds of personal loyalties and mutual

obligations are paramount. Dudley Ankersen, whose *Agrarian Warlord: Saturnino Cedillo and the Mexican Revolution in San Luis Potosí* (also the stamping-ground of the precursor movement), is an excellent example of the regional studies now appearing, recounts a recent reunion of *caudillistas* he attended. As one of them put it: "We loved the General, you know. Everything we have, everything we are, we owe to him." Ankersen comments: "personal loyalty toward their leader and pride in their association, the rewards of patronage and the penalties of clientship—in those few sentences he summarized Cedillo's rule". In the Mexican ballad literature of the *corridos* there are countless examples of admiration for the bonds of loyalty and for courage in their defence, and only rarely echoes of abstract ideas.

The reasons for middle-class discontent are more accessible and it may be that exogenous factors were more important in explaining the alienation of the middle classes from the Porfirian régime, as business men and landowners were adversely affected by the economic and financial crises of the pre-1910 years. But a key factor lay in the non-circulation of the top jobs. The Porfiriato was a gerontocracy, as any photograph of Porfirio's cabinet with their white beards cascading over their chests testifies. Two were over eighty, the youngest was fifty-five. Of the state governors, two were over eighty, six over seventy, seventeen over sixty. With many of them in power for over twenty years, it is scarcely surprising that non-re-election was—and remains—the cardinal tenet of revolutionary ideology. Where in clientelist politics government is a source of enrichment, a circulation of élites is crucial to the health of the system as well as to the pockets of the incumbents.

What does the Mexican Revolution stand for and who are its beneficiaries? The 1917 Constitution is an earnest of intent, with its cultural and economic nationalism, anti-clericalism, indianism, agrarianism, labourism, non-interventionism, but until the formation of the PNR

PANDORA PRESS ORIGINAL FICTION AND CRITICISM

Utrillo's Mother

SARAH BAYLIS

Sarah Baylis dramatically recreates the life of Suzanne Valadon, the peasant with no formal training whose paintings won recognition from artists as renowned as Degas, Renoir and Lautrec.
0-86358-116-1, £9.95

A State of Fear

MENÁN DU PLESSIS

During the winter of 1980 in Cape Town a young white teacher at a Coloured high school becomes concerned for two of her pupils involved in political resistance. A probing and sensitive first novel, winning Menán du Plessis the Olive Schreiner Award, 1985, and the Sanlam Literary Prize, 1986.
0-86358-167-6, £9.95
0-86358-168-4, paper, £3.95

Sometimes When it Rains

Writings by South African Women

Edited by ANN OOSTHUIZEN

With Woodcuts by Bongwe Dhlomo
This first ever collection of contemporary South African women writers bears witness to childhood, confrontation and survival in the burning cities, courage and humour amidst rural poverty, and the heroic struggle against a system which began more than 300 years ago.
0-86358-107-2, £9.95
0-86358-198-6, paper, £3.95

Feminism and Poetry

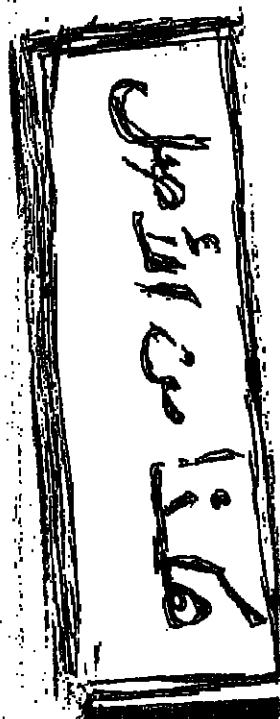
Language, Experience, Identity in Women's Writing

JAN MONTEFIORE

What is specific to women's poetry? How do women poets negotiate the peculiarly masculine literary traditions by which poetry is normally defined? Jan Montefiore responds by bringing together Anglo-American and French theoretical work to provide a lucid application of current theoretical issues.
June, 0-86358-162-5, £12.95
0-86358-163-3, paper, £4.95

PANDORA

11 New Fetter Lane, London EC4A 3DF



and its successor the PRI – the longest-surviving and most stable party in Latin American history (always excepting the Peruvian APRA) – there was no repository of revolutionary virtue.

It was Lenin's view that there could be no revolution without a revolutionary theory. By this criterion the Mexican Revolution would score a very low rating. But there cannot be a revolutionary theory without theorists and, as often as not, they are the members of the vanguard party, often comprising a majority of intellectuals, who tend to be the beneficiaries of revolutionary processes with their ability to articulate the yearnings of the inarticulate and, through their education, to see and grasp those opportunities which periods of change provide. The formlessness of the Revolution has often been attributed to the absence of intellectual direction. There was certainly no vanguard party or conspiratorial group producing blueprints of revolutionary strategy, and although some historians have seen the germ of one in the "precursor" movement, this never had time to achieve its potential. There were intellectuals enough – rare spirits like Antonio Caso, tortured ones like José Vasconcelos "resisting the triumph of the wicked and the imbeciles", practical men like Manuel Gamio, educator, archaeologist and ethnologist, painters like Francisco Goitia, David Siqueiros and José Clemente Orozco, and the novelists Mar-



A detail from Ramón Alva de la Canal's "El Café de Nadie", taken from Futurism and Futurisms, edited by Pontus Hultén and others (63pp. Thames and Hudson, £45).

tin Luis Gúzman and Mariano Azuela, who attached themselves to caudillos, and everywhere – the historian has no business neglecting them – the *tinterillos*, the village schoolmasters and scribes, the literate leaders of the semi-literate and illiterate, like Otilio Montañón, Zapata's mentor.

It is nevertheless difficult not to agree with the view expressed by the intellectual in Azuela's novel *The Underdogs* that they "were like leaves blown on the wind". The day of the intellectuals would come in the great cultural renaissance of the 1920s and later, as Roderic Camp has shown in his *Intellectuals and the*

State in Twentieth-Century Mexico, but no one succeeded in imposing a blueprint on the Revolution. Vasconcelos, who came nearer than most, was to be pushed aside, a political failure who would finish his days expressing views of a fascist kind. By the 1930s the *oficialista* view of the Revolution made the task of alternative or oppositional interpretations a risky and unprofitable matter, as critics of school history text books were to discover.

There has been a tendency to interpret the Revolution in broadly antithetical terms by pitting the north against the centre (with a passive south and a virtually autonomous Yucatán), although in the final clash northerners fought against northerners. From this standpoint, the Revolution was fundamentally a revolt of the frontier against the metropolis, and the dominance of leaders from the northern states – Madero, Carranza, Villa, Obregón and Calles – gives some credence to this view. They were the cattlemen, miners, entrepreneurial farmers, socially and geographically mobile – the *frontera nómada* in Aguilar Camín's telling phrase – racially mixed and open to intellectual influences as well as to arms-receiving from across the United States border.

In the final instance, the Sonorans triumphed, with their scorn for communal folkways and their belief that there was nothing wrong which a good dose of the work ethic would not cure. They were the bulldozing

modernizers, the Piedmontese carpetbaggers of the Revolution whose preconceptions attempted to shake southern Mexico out of its lethargic ways as the northern Italians had tried to do half a century before in the Italian south.

As now the academic equivalent of the *Di visiones del Norte* sweep down with their technical clobber and modernizing ways, it is refreshing to find the old view of the Revolution here being refurbished, with its memories of Tannenbaum and Cárdenas, buttock-sore from mule-back riding into mountainous recesses to bring the vision of agrarian redemption to isolated Indian communities. Out of that experience Tannenbaum fashioned his view of Mexico as a loose federation of autonomous village communities – a Proudhonian society which he juxtaposed with the positivist society of the Porfiriato and its successor régimes. That vision of the Revolution has become blurred as governments seem to have given up trying to reconcile the seemingly incompatible aims of agrarian reform with its social imperatives, and as agricultural revolution with its economic efficiency and productivity strains to meet the needs of burgeoning cities. The future lay with the modernizers of the Sonora dynasty. "The genius of revolutionary leadership", as Knight comments, "lay in its capacity to harness the energy and grievances of the popular movement to antithetical ends – state building and capitalist development."

Doctrinal consequences

Alec Nove

FERENC FEHER and AGNES HELLER
Eastern Left, Western Left: Totalitarianism, freedom and democracy
287pp. Oxford: Polity. £25.
0745603203

Eastern Left, Western Left is a collection of papers by two distinguished Hungarian émigrés who now teach in Australia. Strongly influenced in their youth by the Marxist philosopher Georg Lukács, they have modified their views considerably in the light of experience of "real socialism". Lukács "posited a collective redeemer, the world proletariat" and then shifted his faith to Lenin. The authors at first shared the illusion that Stalinism and its evils could be removed through a return to Leninism. They now see "redemptive and democratic paradigms" as mutually exclusive alternatives; they assign blame to "free-floating intellectuals", who as (Ferenc Feher puts it) "were profoundly responsible for corrupting social movements with their redemptive paradigm of politics". At the same time they cling to a socialist radical-democratic ideology, their ideal being expressed (in an essay by Agnes Heller) in the concept of "the Great Republic", in which socialism is combined with pluralism, human rights, a functioning civil society. In the view of the authors, Rosa Luxemburg typified this kind of leftism, which led her into conflicts with both Lenin and Trotsky, each in their own way redemptive-authorita-

rians. In recent Hungarian history their model is Imre Nagy, who was shot after the 1956 uprising.

In such a context, what meaning is to be attached to terms such as "right" and "left"? In such a continuum, where would one put Stalin? Incidentally, Stalin massacred a very large proportion of the radical "free-floating intellectuals", accusing them in turn of left and right-wing deviations (or even of forming a "left-right centre"), but above all of the crime of thinking for themselves. In their long introduction to the present volume, Feher and Heller point out that in the Soviet Union itself, which they see as neither capitalist nor socialist, "the distinction between Left and Right makes no sense at all in the officially tolerated political and cultural space". It must be said that in their comments on reform prospects in the Soviet Union the authors come close to proving that what is now happening under Gorbachev could not possibly have happened. Nor are they alone in their surprise. Needless to say, Gorbachev's radical-reform programme may fail, but their implied model of Soviet society would seem to have excluded even the attempt. This said, they remain correct in stressing the irrelevance of the left-right distinction in the Soviet context. Marxist dogmatists may regard the recognition of the need for "socialist markets" as "right", yet this is accompanied by stress on *glasnost*, the election of management by the workforce, attacks on privilege and corruption, which it is absurd to see as right-wing objectives.

Included in this volume is a perceptive essay on "The Social Character of Khrushchev's

Regime" by Feher. One must agree that this contradictory and colourful character was, on balance, a positive figure. The release of millions of political prisoners, plus a long list of social measures (improved pensions, elimination of tuition fees in secondary and higher education, a minimum wage, the repeal of the law forbidding workers to change their jobs, a better deal for the peasantry), all this was no mean achievement. However, given his background, he could not have been expected to understand, let alone dismantle, the Stalinist system, while he did remove its worst features, and sufficiently disturbed his more conservative colleagues for them to remove him. Interestingly, Feher himself argues that, if one accepts Lenin's concept of a "Jacobin dictatorship", Stalin was a "necessity". Indeed this is one reason why our two authors no longer accept Leninism.

In a vivid and perceptive paper entitled "In the Bestialium", Feher discusses barbarism in both its Nazi and Soviet-Stalinist versions. He then asserts that the amnesties under Khrushchev were confined to those who "admitted their guilt", and that "the few who insisted on their innocence were returned to the camps". He cites no evidence for what appears to be a quite incorrect statement.

The two authors join forces in a rather depressing essay on "being anti-nuclear in Soviet societies". They lay much stress on "Russian Chauvinism", the role of the Soviet army in providing avenues for social mobility, the use of "peace" for official propaganda. The whole issue is one in which the Western left is out of tune with the views of many "Eastern" dissidents. Some of their observations can be queried. Thus it is really true that the ordinary Soviet citizen has no fear of nuclear war? It is certainly no longer the case that the Soviet authorities refuse to allow the public exhibition of films showing the consequences of such a war. While clearly distancing themselves from Reagan's rhetoric and arms build-up, the authors tend to play down the dangers which

right-wing ideological militancy could pose, and its effect on the perceptions of the Soviet leadership. (I am writing this review in California, and have just seen a television programme devoted to the career of President Johnson which included a statement to the effect that General Curtis LeMay advised the launching of a nuclear strike against China as the way to win the Vietnam war. Of course Johnson rejected this advice, but it is not only in the West that the military draw up "worst-case" scenarios.)

Feher and Heller are joint authors of one of the best of the book's essays, on "Class, Modernity and Democracy". They challenge several opinions widely held on the left. Thus: "Where there is class there is liberty." Another way of making the same point is to say that a thoroughgoing despotism requires a classless society, since otherwise at least the ruling class will have rights. They challenge the notion that "modern society can be reduced to the polarity of two classes alone". Then it is good to read that "we categorically reject the Marxian-Lukácsian distinction between the empirical and imputed consciousness of the working class", stressing the "elitist-Leninist consequences" of any such doctrine. They likewise reject, and rightly, the notion that one can conceivably elevate the working class into the position of a ruling class. Indeed the whole concept of the "dictatorship of the proletariat" is devoid of meaning, and it is all too true, as the authors state, that new and more powerful chains can be (have been) forged for the workers "in the name of their own emancipation".

Here and there the authors, whose native language is not English, would have benefited from linguistic editing. Thus Babeuf has a "choleric temperature", there is a reference to "dominant social *imaginary*", the military rank of Marshal always has two lls. But these are minor blemishes. Anyone interested in left-wing politics and in Eastern Europe will find here much to stimulate the mind and to argue about.

"[Scholem's] work on Jewish mysticism, messianism, and sectarianism, spanning now half a century, constitutes, I should think, one of the major achievements of the historical imagination in our time. I would contend that it is of vital interest not only to anyone concerned with the history of religion but to anyone struggling to understand the underlying problematic of the human predicament."

—Robert Alter, Commentary

ORIGINS OF THE KABBALAH

GERSHOM SCHOLEM

Translated by Allan Arkush and Edited by R. J. Zwi Werblowsky

Gershom Scholem (1897–1982) opened up a once esoteric world of Jewish mysticism, the Kabbalah, to concerned students of religion: a tradition of repeated attempts to achieve and portray direct experiences of God. In 1973 Princeton University Press published R. J. Zwi Werblowsky's translation of Scholem's masterly *Sabbatai Sevi: The Mystical Messiah* (Bollingen Series XCIII). Now Princeton presents the first English translation of *Origins of the Kabbalah*, a work that probes the twelfth- and thirteenth-century beginnings of the Kabbalah in southern France and Spain. A contribution not only to the history of Jewish medieval mysticism but to the study of medieval mysticism in general, the book will be of surpassing interest to historians and psychologists, as well as to students of the history of religion. The text and annotations have been edited and brought up to date by Professor Werblowsky. Published in association with the Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia. Cloth: \$47.50 (U.S.).

Order from your local bookseller or from

Princeton University Press

15A Epsom Road
Guildford Surrey GU1 3JT

In pursuit of justice and peace

Edward Norman

ANDREW BRADSTOCK
Saints and Sandinistas: The Catholic church in Nicaragua and its response to the revolution
86pp. Epworth. Paperback, £4.50.
0716204320

GERALD BUSS
The Bear's Hug: Religious belief and the Soviet state
223pp. Hodder and Stoughton. Paperback, £7.95.
0340394293

TOM INGLIS
Moral Monopoly: The Catholic church in modern Irish society
251pp. Dublin: Gill and Macmillan. £25.
07171 1499 6

There are clearly some societies in the modern world where the inherent human impulses to religious observance never receive satisfactory institutional expression – where substitutes for religion disclose themselves in the form of secular rites of ethicized sentiments, and where conventional religious bodies themselves come to depend for their appeal upon a measure of identification with their own replacements. In England, for example, even the most religious lead basically secular lives; few convinced Christian adherents actually conduct their daily existence with exact reference to the awesome truths they proclaim in their public acts of worship. In such societies there is incomprehension of those others in which religion is successfully conveyed in ecclesiastical structures, and where religious loyalties decisively determine actual conduct in the real world of affairs. There is a tendency, indeed, to regard religious evidences in such societies as mere fanaticism – as in Northern Ireland, or Iran, or among the Evangelical populists of the American television culture. But here are three books about countries in which Christianity is taken with great seriousness and where, in consequence, there are conflicts of Church and State. For where men and women really do behave as if religious values matter there will always be conflict. It is a kind of sacramental indication that the pursuit of nothing less than truth lies within the motivations of the social nexus. It is possible that societies which proceed by ideological abnegation, where everyone is upset at the prospect of someone rocking the boat in the interests of arriving at some permanent truths, are in reality just societies enjoying the luxury of postponing their conflicts until another day. In England, again, the genuine discussion of ideas, when it arises, (as within the radical

elements of Labour politics, or among those who question the consensus to avoid raising theological conflicts within the Church) is usually swept off the scene pretty summarily for fear of potential division.

In Nicaragua the Catholic bishops, who had broadly legitimized the Somoza dynasty, supported the eventual Sandinista revolution in 1979. The first sign of their change of attitude had come in 1970, when Miguel y Bravo was named as Archbishop of Managua in preference to the candidate favoured by the president. What seems to have determined the episcopal volte-face was the rising incidence of state terror against dissident elements in the population. In 1979 the bishops issued a Pastoral Letter indicating strong support for the revolution: it was "an opportune time truly to implement the church's option for the poor"; an occasion to build the Kingdom of God, based on liberation and justice. The rhetoric, and the intention, was familiar enough. Here was a chance to give content to the spacious programmes of social justice which the leaders of Latin American Catholicism had acclaimed since the great conference at Medellín some years before. But by the middle of 1980, scarcely a year later, the position was quite different. A group of Marxist-orientated priests persisted in supporting the Sandinista government – together with a latent following of perhaps a quarter of the clergy in the country. The large majority of the bishops and clergy, however, were by then convinced opponents of the régime. What had determined the change?

In his useful and admirably concise study of the Church in Nicaragua, *Saints and Sandinistas*, Andrew Bradstock attempts not a definitive answer – for he is wise enough to perceive that events are still in process and that all explanations will have to be accordingly provisional – but a series of themes. His treatment is notably fair to the cases argued by the parties in conflict. In the end, however, he probably accepts the class explanations too much at face value: that the bishops seek a return to traditional models of Church organization and discipline, and "to the restoration of a politico-economic system" suggestive of the old Somoza days. The Church, it is true, has become the focus for all those who oppose the Sandinistas, whether the bishops like it or not. Political opposition, in prevailing conditions, is inherently weak, and the church has thus been strategically available to act as an umbrella for disaffected groups. This is, of course, what the quasi-Marxist exponents of Liberation Theology had always contended should happen – but only, of course, in their view of things, when the Church was on the right side. And there is another explanation for the de-

clension of the bishops as revolutionary sympathizers in Nicaragua: it is their sense that the actions of the Sandinistas in power are rather different from either their preceding promises of a plural, democratic polity or the liberal shop-window they illuminate for world inspection. What the bishops see is the indoctrination in the schools, the closure of Catholic broadcasting, the deportation of priests, the intimidation of clergy believed unsympathetic to the revolution, and the general rendition of current events, in the government media, in the language of Marxism. These things, too, are examined in this careful and balanced study, but the larger conclusions that may be drawn are not. The observer of sequences like those being played out in Nicaragua, as once in Cuba, is supposed to be impressed by the subtle variations of Marxism – to note the seminal importance of national and local cultural influences, to reject with disdain the one-dimensional criticisms of ideological adversaries. But what is the reality? In Nicaragua may be seen the gradual assembly of the machinery of control whose familiar features seem to show so few variations in the apparently unending procession of twentieth-century totalitarianism.

If one would seek a vision of Nicaragua's future, then one should turn to Gerald Buss's *The Bear's Hug*, a well-researched and carefully explained account of the chilling fate of religious believers in the Soviet State. The book, it is true, does not claim an objective pedigree; it was produced in co-operation with Keaton College – an admirable research resource on dissident conditions in the Soviet Union but not exactly a disinterested one. The Soviet State is a moral institution with a perfect right to propagate its own view of the moral basis of social order, and it happens to see this in terms of collective concepts of rights obviously different from the individualist bourgeois freedoms of the Western human rights variety. But what the observer may legitimately complain about – and what Mr Buss evidences so well – is the failure of the Soviet state to live up to its own legal declarations. He notices, particularly, how certain sections of the penal code are deliberately interpreted; within a culture of heightened atheist propaganda, as providing an open season for the removal of Christian activists, and even of Christian pacifists, from society. Article 206 on "Hooliganism"; Article 209 on "Parasitism"; and Article 80 on "the obligation of military service", have supplied an especially rich field for the hunt. Buss goes through the whole range of impediments thrown in the way of religious believers, and, in the corner of his lens, catches images of the time-serving higher clergy of the official, "registered" Churches as they explain away the barbarous actions of their masters as mere

promotions of "social justice" and of "peace". These are the very words used by Liberation theologians in Latin America to describe the impending paradise in Nicaragua.

The third area of Church-and-State conflict encompassed by these new works is Ireland. This is not, however, the misty isle of "saints and scholars", with its treasured spirituality, and its vibrant and prized Catholicism – so successfully exported throughout the world in the nineteenth century – but a veritable hell-hole of clerical totalitarianism and priestly superstition. Tom Inglis offers a kind of neo-Joycean reflection on the state of Irish Catholicism; his exultant exaggerations are so gross as to make the reader wonder, at times, if *Moral Monopoly* is intended to be humorous. But the author is a professional sociologist, and claims his work as a serious and considered sociological survey of a deeply clericalized and controlled society. So great is the control, indeed, that its origins and effects are traced a long way back:

a moral discipline over passions and instincts which was best achieved through an internalization of shame and guilt about the body, a process which had originally been developed and exported to the Continent by Irish monks back in the sixth and seventh centuries.

The Catholic Church, according to Dr Inglis, is nothing but a bureaucratic machine constructed "to attain and maintain power"; it has retained control because "people were indoctrinated through a fear of being denied salvation". He is clearly not impressed with the long traditions of what Conor Cruise O'Brien used to call the "Parnellism" of Irish political experience – the capability of Irish politicians to be good Catholics and yet to ignore the public teaching of the Church on social and political issues – and argues extensively about the hidden ways in which the hierarchy influences public men. A measure of truth here, of course, but all irredeemably mixed up with some very poor judgment. The statistical table of "bad luck" is amusing (surprisingly only 10 per cent in Ireland suppose it unlikely to walk under a ladder – the figure for England is surely much larger, despite the absence of an effective Church hierarchy peddling superstition in the way Inglis alleges exists in Ireland); so is the account of the "sexual frustration" germane to the drinking rituals of Dublin pubs. The diatribes against the influence of the clergy are very dated; like a resuscitation of the hysterical strictures of Paul Blanchard, made in reference to the American Catholicism of the 1950s. But then Dr Inglis does not regard the Catholic Church as "a voluntary body". He believes its thrust over peoples' lives amounts to a tyrannical deprivation of personal liberty. He should try the Soviet Union.

Geoffrey Hosking

DONALD FILTZER
Soviet Workers and Stalinist Industrialization: The formation of modern Soviet production relations, 1928–41
338pp. Photo. £25.
0745301576

Considering that the Soviet Union defined itself until 1936 as a "dictatorship of the proletariat", it is surprising how few scholars have actually studied that proletariat. Perhaps we have assumed that the sources would prove unrewarding, though a pioneering study by the Menshevik Solomon Schwarz, published in 1952, suggested otherwise. Or maybe we have felt that the notion of the workers as the ruling class under Stalin was too absurd to require serious investigation.

One way or the other, *Soviet Workers and Stalinist Industrialization* has some surprises in store. It is one of the most important contributions of recent years to Soviet social history. Making exhaustive use of journals and newspapers from the 1930s in the industrial, trade-union and legal fields, Donald Filtzer shows that the workers, although they faced appalling conditions and were often grossly exploited, nevertheless managed to carve out for themselves a limited area of autonomy over the work-process, which in the long term has been sufficient to lame and even frustrate the aims of the planning authorities. Under the first five-year plans, the régime's inflated planning targets imposed such strains on managers that they were prepared to concede almost anything to retain even minimally competent workers. The latter thus had a strong bargaining position, which they used to establish their own work-patterns. Workers found it more and more difficult to strike, or to mount any form of collective protest, but they could always go elsewhere to seek a better job, and to avoid this, managers would turn a blind eye to poor timekeeping, indiscipline, pilfering, drunkenness and corruption.

The régime devised various stratagems to overcome managerial leniency – "shock-work", "socialist competition", Stakhanovism. The best workers were offered awards and decorations, higher pay, better social security entitlements, and eventual co-optation upwards into officialdom. But these devices generated their own antidotes. They meant that the best workers ceased to be workers. Stakhanovites

were, moreover, bitterly resented by the rest of the labour force, and sometimes even physically assaulted by them. Besides, a spell of Stakhanovite labour would impose such a strain on men and equipment that it was invariably followed by a period of lower output which might annul the hard-won gains. When morale-boosting measures failed, the régime resorted to the criminal law. In 1938 absenteeism (defined as twenty minutes' lateness) was made a criminal offence, and from 1940 infringements of labour discipline were treated the same way. Even then, managers and foremen tended to react by covering up for the "criminals".

Dr Filtzer views this labour-relations system as the result of a kind of stalemate between the Soviet élite and the workers. The élite in his view "overthrew the conquests of the October Revolution and displaced the working class". It could not, however, crush the working class. It therefore "atomized the workforce to ensure its own survival", and in doing so created a situation "where it could neither coerce nor encourage workers to work efficiently". I find the immediate explanation convincing, though to me the élite's nature and its policies seem directly determined by the October Revolution, not a result of its abjuration. For that reason, I cannot share Filtzer's hope that the working class may act as the nucleus of a "universal class which, in overcoming its own particular contradictions with the ruling élite, lays the basis for satisfying the radical needs of society as a whole".

Whatever one's long-term view of the industrial stalemate, its effects are still haunting the Soviet economy today. Waste, low productivity, poor-quality production, resistance to innovation and a permanent apparent labour shortage are among Gorbachev's main headaches. Filtzer's solution may be utopian, but his account of how the situation has arisen is vivid and instructive. This is a book which should be pondered by anyone who wants to understand the state of the Soviet Union today.

The first part of *Research Guide to the Russian and Soviet Censuses* edited by Ralph S. Clem (323pp. Cornell University Press. \$41.25. 0 8014 1838 0) consists of eight essays by specialists on the USSR and the topics covered include: ethnicity and language, marriage and the family, and education and literacy. Part two is a comprehensive index to all the published censuses from 1897 to 1979.

New Zealand notes

Christopher Hitchens

Super-suburbia of the Southern Seas, Nature's - and Reason's - true Antipodes, Hail, dauntless pioneers, intrepid souls, Who cleared the Bush - to make a lawn for bowls, And smashed the noble Maori to ensure The second rate were socially secure!

Wynford Vaughan-Thomas's *Farwell to New Zealand* both drew upon, and helped to perpetuate, a stock image of the country that remains undimmed. "Miles from anywhere - and that's Australia"; jokes about Kiwis and sheep (in themselves rather coma-inducing subjects); above all, the idea of an unthinking mimesis of Englishness; made more absurd and parodic by its location in the Pacific. Southern Rhodesia and the Falklands could be made to appear Parnassian by contrast.

Stereotypes are a hardy breed, and this one has outlived its subject by almost a generation. Though much of New Zealand still looks amazingly like Cornwall or the Home Counties, and though rugby is still a ruling passion and Victorian emulation a persistent style, it would no longer be fair for Vaughan-Thomas to say:

Saved by the Wowsers from the Devil's Tricks
Your shops, your pubs, your minds all close
at six . . .

The Wharries' Heaven, the gourmet's Purgatory:
Ice-cream on mutton, swilled around in teal

In 1972, for instance, Germaine Greer came to New Zealand from Sydney to promote *The Female Eunuch*. A local journalist had just been jailed for employing the word "bullshit" in public. Ms Greer agreed to repeat the word, with some embellishments, in the hope of ridiculing the law. She overestimated the local tolerance for irony, refused to pay the resulting fine, and escaped arraignment only by leaving the country. In theory, she still cannot return to these "boring, parochial little islands". But if she were to do so, she would find that the man who said "bullshit", Timothy Shadbolt, is presenting one of the nation's leading television shows. And the woman who organized her 1972 trip, Susan Kedgley, is a prominent documentary producer whose latest works are a film profile of Katherine Mansfield and an emphatically worded feature entitled *Germaine Greer Revisited*.

Australian note

Jeremy Treglown

What is a literary journal for? In its twentieth-century forms, especially the "little magazine", it evolved partly - though less than is often claimed - as a vehicle for the avant-garde: a place where recalcitrant new work could be published, and where its claims could be argued. But that role has disappeared now that there isn't much of a literary avant-garde, in the 1920s sense. The innovations of recent writing have been easily understood and assimilated; good new work is, on the whole, pretty accessible (at least to a readership brought up on Joyce and Eliot), and readily finds a market. In a world where a writer of any talent is quickly taken up by large commercial publishers, popular magazines and television, the little magazine has become superfluous.

So, at any rate, Ian Hamilton argued at a recent conference on literary journals at the Humanities Research Centre in Canberra, though hardly anyone seemed to think he was serious. To most of the seventy or so people taking part - chiefly Australian literary academics and the editors of academically respectable literary journals - this was the kind of coat-tailing you get at a conference, or perhaps just English irony. Similarly ignored, at least in the public discussions, was Peter Porter's pragmatic defence of routine reviewing, whether in small-circulation magazines or in the Sunday newspapers, as a valuable form of brokerage between a wide range of new work and its potential readership.

It may have been the humility of the job Porter described that effectively put it off the agenda. A conference is a serious thing. But he may, like Ian Hamilton, have touched a nerve

If you want honest roast mutton these days,
you have to search. It's all *nouvelle cuisine*.

★ ★ ★

The national shame, even so, is the undoubted fact that most New Zealanders of distinction became distinguished, like David Low, because they left. As next year's Katherine Mansfield centenary approaches, the country is beginning to take the measure of its most famous daughter. At her old school, the Samuel Marsden Collegiate School for Girls, there is as yet no plaque. For decades, the young ladies were not taught anything of the existence of their most famous old girl. The official history of the academy records sourly that her contemporaries "resented the fact that her ambitions, moods and restless longings invaded and disturbed their world of conformity".

"These people have not learned their alphabet yet", said Katherine Mansfield on her one return visit to Wellington from London. Yet she found the memory of the country very hard to erase. The death of her Anzac brother Leslie in Flanders set her to writing "The Aloe", which became "Prelude" and which still amazes New Zealanders by its power to evoke. Towards her own death, writing in the Swiss Alps, she seemed almost to summon the old country in spite of having changed both the names that bound her to it.

Katherine Mansfield: *A woman, a writer*, produced by Susan Kedgley, switches between New Zealand and Europe very deftly. Born in Wellington as she was, K.M. believed in the influence of the elements on birth. She stressed the wind, as well she might. It can still lift you off your feet at the hilltop memorial to Admiral Byrd. In Wellington, the renewing gale is the dominant climatic and conversational theme. It seems to have been blowing and cleansing long enough to permit a rehabilitation and some reconsideration of K.M. Brashness and mimicry - those allegedly New Zealand qualities - were considered to be evidence of both vulgarity and energy when she was at Garsington. The original North Island can hardly afford to esteem her less.

★ ★ ★

so painfully as to have anaesthetized it. For one thing, he was implying that good newspaper reviewers are, in the full sense, critics. But surely modern criticism is unjournalistically challenging, difficult, abstract? Besides, Porter's argument presupposed that current work in fiction and poetry is worth reviewing. But to many academic critics, this seems doubtful. W. J. T. Mitchell, the editor of the distinguished theoretical journal *Critical Inquiry* (still pronounced by Australians with every syllable intact, though the English now call it, Chicago-wise, *Cricklecrack*), sees old-fashioned "creative" literature as at best lying fallow. The real life, the real avant-garde, is to be found in criticism itself, at least as it is done in his journal. With their intellectual and imaginative energy, their range, their combativeness, their difficulty, the critics are the artists, now. To prove it, see how neglected they are by the literary establishment!

This now widespread claim partly depends on a notion of the revolutionary struggle of a subservient class - the critics - to replace the privileged imaginative writer. The argument convinced few of the (in the old sense) writers and editors at the conference (who included Donald Horne, Karl Miller, some poets, among them John Tranter and Chris Wallace-Crabbe, and the enthusiastic young staff of the lively new Australian magazine *Scripps*). After all, that notoriously privileged author, Peter Porter, probably earns less than a tenth as much as Stanley Fish - and Professor Fish has tenure, and a pension to look forward to. Practical economics, though, didn't interest the conference much. Some editors tried to discuss the cultural bearing of matters like finance, distribution, advertising, sales. Christopher Pearson, of the *Adelaide Review*, gave a brie-

Late in life Samuel Butler was to deny it, but his earliest published work was *A First Year in Canterbury Settlement*, assembled by his father the Canon out of his letters home. His five years of sheep-farming in New Zealand, which made him prosperous and fitted him out (as he thought) with an income for life, were not passed entirely among his flocks. He contributed (to *The Press*, a quasi-literary journal) the first sketch of *Erewhon*, which was *Darwin Among the Machines*. It appeared in New Zealand in 1863 and was expanded and re-written for Holyoake's *Reasoner* in 1865. So Butler, who came to England precisely to escape from ordination, could hardly be said to have found a Wowser's paradise.

Erewhon's subtitle is *Over the range*, and the initial depiction of the hills and countryside, including the portrait of Chowbok, are a distillation of New Zealand as Butler remembered it. Thus, though New Zealand has often been lampooned as a Victorian pastiche of a country, in the high Victorian period it was the setting for a book, and an author, inverting all that made Victorian society recognizable. Sad, then, for local pride that he repudiated his Canterbury papers and always insisted that *Erewhon* was "Op 1".

★ ★ ★

Kipling wrote of Auckland that it was "last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart". He was hymning the white dominions at the time, though of course he had in common with other imperialists an admiration for the valour and integrity of the Maoris. Today, Auckland can accurately be called the largest city of Polynesia, with a considerable population of Samoan and other islanders as well as of Maoris. The Museum, which is also called the War Museum, might have pleased Kipling. It is largely given over to a Cenotaph and to the display of regimental battle-standards and memorabilia. But its largest annex is consecrated to the Maori tribes and their artefacts and language. The renowned *Te Maori* exhibition was housed here for a while (why has it travelled to America and not to Britain?) In deference to the bi-national character of New Zealand, an illustration of a Second World War troopship records that it brought back the Maori volunteers to *Aotearoa*, the Maori name

for the country meaning "Land of the Long White Cloud".

A revival of Maori self-consciousness has been a necessary corollary to the re-examined identity of New Zealand that followed the slackening of ties with Britain in the 1970s. A recent report to the Minister of Maori Affairs contains a fascinating series of New Zealand state and commercial advertisements down the decades. All the reproductions share a consistent theme - the use of Maori images and crafts to lend an air of quaintness and exotica to the staid national landscape. The use of the "Maori maiden" motif, as revealed here, would embarrass even the most hardened sceptic on matters racist and sexist.

One reaction to this has been a cultural nationalist one, with "Roots"-orientated Maoris taking back the bequests that their ancestors made to museums and collections. This tendency is limited. It is also much less striking, to a visitor, than is the willingness to employ the Maori term "pakeha" to describe themselves. There's an element of white guilt in the usage, which denotes the latecomer and settler, but it's arguably an improvement on the use of the word "Maori" to mean tourist attraction.

★ ★ ★

In the old days, if South Africa didn't want Maori members of the touring New Zealand rugby team, it didn't get Maori members. By "the old days" I mean fifteen years ago. Maoris were not even allowed, when they toured more tolerant countries, to do their traditional *haka* dance before the game. Rugby football was so essential to New Zealand culture that this did not even seem worthy of remark. One of the most influential books published in the country in the last two decades was *Mud in Your Eye*, a study of the rugby cult by one of its leading votaries. Chris Laidlaw was an All Black himself, and one of the sweetest half-backs that any *aficionado* can remember. He was hard to laugh off, then, when he wrote that "conformity is the cornerstone of New Zealand society" and argued for multi-racial sport at home and abroad. It's an emblem of the change in the tone and character of New Zealand society that he has now been made High Commissioner to Zimbabwe.

terously promotional account of how he had produced a large (and advertisement-attracting) circulation by the simple trick of giving his paper away free; a lugubrious Heinz Ludwig Arnold lamented the drop in sales of *Text & Kritik* to its present pitiable 40,000 - a circulation beyond the dreams of most of those at Canberra. But on the whole such considerations were markedly neglected by an in other respects often Marxizing gathering.

Still, plenty of information was exchanged. Other editors - among them Gian-Giacomo Migone of *L'Indice*, Peter Craven of *Scrips* and Kerry Goldsworthy of the *Australian Book Review* - described their policies and practices. Historians talked about literary journalism in the past - K. K. Ruthven about Pound's hijacking of other people's, especially women's, magazines; Ian Hamilton about literary journals in the Second World War. And there was some real, detailed polemic in an attack on *Quadrant* by Susan McKernan, in Karl Miller's embattled account of the literary-political character of the *London Review of Books*, and in Sylvia Lawson's passionate critique of Australian culture in general, accompanied by her utopian vision of an imaginary new journal, the *Plains Review*. Lawson was so persuasive and so detailed, in fact, that one critic was heard to ask another whether the *Plains Review* was really as good as she had cracked it up to be.

Understandable editorial furtiveness apart, one reason for the general avoidance of hard figures was perhaps the strangely clouding effect of Australia's system of multiple subsidy. A journal funded by the Literature Board of the Australia Council may be housed by a university, edited by people with academic appointments and written for by authors who

don't expect to be paid much (and the publication of whose books is in turn heavily underwritten). Such circumstances aren't unknown elsewhere, of course, and no one supposes that, taken in isolation, commercial profitability is a reliable index of cultural value. Besides, as the director of the Literature Board, the former accountant Tom Shapcott, argues, free markets don't really exist anyway. But there are degrees of freedom, and in a world where the vast majority of literary journals lose money, harder questions seemed called for, not least because the answers to them can be interestingly complicated. As far as Australia is concerned, for example, where the number of state-subsidized literary journals has risen from nine in the early 1970s to twenty-one today, support of literature is deeply bound up with the preservation, and to some extent the very making, of national and regional cultures against the northern hemispherical tide. If the position of Australian journals, as of Australian new writing in general, looks more rearguard than avant-garde, that may in the long run be no bad thing. Among all the demands, especially from journal editors, for cultural internationalism, it is worth remembering how much good art has come out of a strong sense of local or national identity. An international literature (and its journals) may end up as an afterthought as an international airport.

As for the claims of theory to have taken over from traditional imaginative writing, we shall have to wait and see. Certainly, generic boundaries are always fluid. Yesterday's scholarship can even be tomorrow's soap opera. In Melbourne, at this moment, a theatre company is rehearsing a musical version of Manning Clark's five-volume history of Australia. *Critical Inquiry*: the movie may not be a

Letters

Change in the Soviet Union

Sir, - Alexander Masovianus (Letters, May 15) is surely right to criticize Archie Brown's exculpating account (March 27) of the Soviet Union and its "reforms". But he fails to draw what I believe to be the two most important lessons from the text which offends him.

First, there are sovietologists who try to tell the truth about the communist system, and who recognize that it reforms itself only at the top, and only so as to perpetuate its totalitarian power. But such sovietologists (I think of the late Leonard Schapiro, and of Alain Besançon) do not enjoy those privileged relations with Russian academics, that "frank exchange of views", that access to new and interesting "information", which are offered to their more glib or more grovelling colleagues. Indeed, they are lucky if they can travel to the Soviet Union at all. And what scope for professional advancement is there for the ordinary and far-from-brilliant sovietologist, who has sacrificed his visa for the sake of mere honesty?

Second, every academic wishes to make a contribution to his subject, and to be known for some important discovery. If there were a discipline whose sole purpose were to study an unchanging needle-head, the learned journals would swell with articles reporting sudden and unforeseen increases in the number of angels found dancing upon it. So it is with sovietology, which survives and grows by noticing total transformation in a system which nevertheless remains, from year to year and decade to decade, curiously untransformed.

Mr Masovianus should be less shocked than he is by Archie Brown's "myopia". Rather than hope for the impossible - that truth should be the sole aim of sovietology - he should reflect instead on the peculiar nature of this discipline, which has become hostage to the very system which it pretends to study.

ROGER SCRUTON,
6 Lunden Gardens, London W2.

Towards a Science of Feeling

Sir, - In his article (May 8), B. F. Skinner reduces feeling to physiology (bodily conditions like those described by W. B. Cannon), etymology (eg, anxiety traced in part to the Latin root for choking), and then defines the role of psychology as largely a matter of contingent verbal behaviour. For example, when someone sees a downcast look on another's face and says, "You look dejected"

(or depressed), the other learns what dejection or depression feels like and how to label the feeling. However, the contingencies of reinforcement (Skinner's vernacular) of chance verbal behaviour are hardly sufficient to account for the immense variety of feelings that introspection yields - a variety that poets and patients appear readily to experience.

The key paragraph in Skinner's essay ends with the sentences: "All words for feelings seem to have begun as metaphors, and it is significant that the transfer has always been from public to private. No word seems to have originated as the name of a feeling." One wonders on what authority these categorical statements are based. Surely not on the claims of phenomenological psychologists.

In a word, one feels cheated by Skinner's behaviouristic outline of a science of feeling. There is much more to feeling than he finds room for in his pre-emptive definitions.

SAUL ROSENZWEIG,
Department of Psychology, Washington University,
St Louis, Missouri 36130.

A Writers' House?

Sir, - Writers say they're unclubbable. It can't mean that they don't join clubs. They do. They are islands sharing the same unpredictable sea and they get together to talk, argue, rage and combine against the dying or the coming of anything that affects them all.

The cost of rent, rates, maintenance, staffing, etc of London club premises is prohibitive, and diversified as they are, it's money down the drain. The prospect of a Writers' House in London has been just that for donkey's years. At one time it looked like achieving bricks and mortar, but in 1974 Lord Goodman's committee had regretfully to conclude that it would be "extremely difficult to combine the various organizations interested in the concept of a Book House".

No doubt that still applies, but it still seems like sound and diplomatic sense for the major societies to pool their resources and invest in a building in central London which their own members and visiting writers from abroad could use as a base, providing accommodation for a lecture-room, a comfortable sitting-room, offices for the managerial staff, and a small bar. Ideally there should be bedrooms for writers from out of town to put up for a night at reasonable cost. Club members living at a distance often can't afford to come to evening meetings which will involve them in the expense of staying at hotels. Writers' House should be a club-house for writers in general.

The idea has been realized in various

degrees and all sorts of ways in other countries. Toronto has Harbourfront, an amalgam of private and public interests which has made of reclaimed dockland a huge arts and recreation centre. Israel has Writers' Houses and artists' colonies; there is a Maison des Écrivains in Paris; the Alfred Döblin House in Germany was presented by Günter Grass for the benefit of his fellow-authors and there is, or was, a comprehensive draft proposal for a Writers' House in Berlin, with facilities for a bookshop, café, meeting-rooms and accommodation for visiting authors. I believe that Amsterdam has its Writers' House, and so does Hungary. London seems to be the one important city in the world of books which offers no real facilities to its own and visiting writers.

The pooling of resources could not provide a pool big enough to float a venture of this sort. Money, and how to get it, would be the second problem. The first must be to convince the leading literary bodies that there is a real intention to establish a Writers' House in London. There have been rumours that certain of the major societies are looking at the idea again. If we made enough encouraging shouts, expressed ourselves privately to club presidents and publicly in letters to the papers, we might then get together to think how to raise the cash. On a rough average, 50,000 books are published each year. Allowing for the dead, who are always with us, that's still a lot of writers. Surely we can afford a place of our own?

A. L. BARKER,
103 Harrow Road, Carshalton, Surrey.

Minority Poets

Sir, - As the nominal author (actually co-author) of the "British and Irish Poetry" list castigated by Sylvia Kantaris in her letter (May 22), may I be allowed a small bit of umbrage? The list was designed to show the range of books published, not of poets writing. It thus repeats a social bias in favour of male, middle-class expertise. But an attempt has been made to counter that.

At the risk of sounding nit-picking, Sylvia Kantaris's sums are wrong. The total number of women represented is forty-nine, the best part of a quarter of the whole; and, although the black authors are few (a fair reflection of the published field) there are eight in all, three of them women. I can't argue on class; I suspect that the act of writing poetry puts one into the middle classes. However, it would be foolish to deny the working-class origins and allegiances of many of the poets (most notably Tony Harrison and Tom Pickard).

I would have hoped it would be of more interest that the list reflected a boom in poetry-writing, particularly in the normally peripheralized parts of Britain; and a thriving small-press scene. Sadly, this, which I think bodes well for the future of poetry, has gone unnoticed.

HARRY GILONIS,
Poetry Society, 21 Earls Court Square, London SW5.

AUTHOR, AUTHOR

Competition No 331

Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than June 19. A prize of £20 is offered for the first correct set of answers opened on that date, or failing that the most nearly correct - in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration.

Entries, marked "Author, Author 331" on the envelope, should be addressed to the Editor, *The Times Literary Supplement*, Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX. The solution and results will appear on June 26.

1 Say it, no ideas but in things -
nothing but the blank faces of the houses
and cylindrical trees
bent, forked by preconception and accident -

2 James's critical genius comes out most tellingly in his mastery over, his baffling escape from, Ideas; a mastery and an escape which are perhaps the last test of a superior intelligence. He had a mind so fine that no idea could violate it.

3 The thought beneath so slight a film -
is more distinctly seen -
As faces just reveal the surge -
Or Mists - the Apennine.

Edward Thomas

Sir, - One must charitably assume that haste and ignorance explain Kathleen Bucknell's perverse assertion, in her review of my *Edward Thomas* (February 27), that I "contend" that Edward Thomas's "Old Man" is about his "spiritual identification with the unemployed". I don't.

I argue, in some detail, that Thomas draws on William James's social phenomenology (unmentioned by Bucknell) to interpret a world with "a rich symbolical significance, meaning I know not what". The poem is haunted by "vulnerability and transience . . . exclusion from language and solidarity . . . absence of affiliations and affinities". It "suppresses the resonances of the prose, which links the condition of 'workless, homeless men' with that of a vagrant 'inmost true self'; but this is exactly how the symbol derives its suggestive power". "Whereas in the prose this withholding of meaning is part of the curse of a ruined Eden, in the poetry it is the very guarantee of its richness and authenticity."

Bucknell insinuates, without specifying, that I am not "careful". But what could be more artfully careless than her omission of a key sentence of my text, precisely when she is accusing me of anachronistically citing dock strikes of 1889 and 1911-13, "even though *The South Country* appeared in 1909"? The sentence offers an instance exactly matching the book's simile from only eight years previously. By ignoring this, and my discussion of Thomas's youthful admiration for John Burns, the dockers' leader (met around the time of the 1889 strike), she makes a fragile but significant association appear totally gratuitous.

I am also chided for "neglect[ing] Thomas's personal and poetic development". No one would know, without reading it, that all the details cited against my book can be culled from its long opening biographical chapter. Only someone who knew little about Thomas would refer to his "poetic development". All the experts agree there was none. Thomas's poetry sprang fully armed from his side in 1914. A more "careful" reader might have noticed my remark, apropos the first poem he wrote, "This . . . one of his finest, already contains most of his distinctive features".

"Smith founders," we are told, "partly because he fails to see that Thomas's observations of rural life are not historical records but literary works." Like almost everyone else, I had always assumed that poems are both "literary works" and "historical records", since they are written at a historical moment in a historical language, and do not drop from heaven in a shower of supervisor's recommendations. What is usually in contention is their precise mode of existence as historical records. Miss Bucknell is editing Auden's juvenilia (mostly thin on literary merit). Does she regard these primarily as "literary works" or as "historical records"?

STAN SMITH,
Istituto di Lingua e Letteratura, University of Florence, Piazza Brunelleschi 4, Florence.

Competition No 337

Winner: E. K. Brenton

Answers:

1 Lynch the conductor! Jugulate the drums!
Butcher the brass! Ensurgeinate the strings!
Throttle the flutes! . . . Stravinsky's April comes
With pitiless pomp and pain of sacred springs . . .
Siegfried Sassoon, "Concert-Interpretation"

2 Oh curved, curved in a scroll the violin's neck and
carved
With concentration of the patient hand;
And tight those strings and quick to break in the
harsh

Air, and in the inclement weather;
And shrill, shrill the song of the strings when the
horse-hair sweeps

Caresingly upon them.
John Heath-Stubbs, "Valse Oubliée"

3 Quiet whispering and coughing from
Vast Sunday-fall and organ-frowned-on spaces
Foretold a sudden scuffle on the drum,
"The Queen", and huge resettling. Then begins
A snivel on the violins:
I think of your face among all those faces . . .
Phillip Larkin, "Bronze Age"

John Heath-Stubbs

COMMENTARY

Falling down, going up

J. Mordaunt Crook

Londoners
Museum of London, until August 2
CELINA FOX
Londoners
27pp. Thames and Hudson. £20.
0500 01409 4

London is a state of mind, and Londoners are those who share it. Administrative changes and shifts of population have long since destroyed any real sense of communal identity. But the facelessness of metropolitan society has always been its trump-card: true Londoners revel in the freedom of anonymity. So Celina Fox has set herself a pretty impossible task: to identify, in pictorial form, the historic population of the metropolis; to personalize the face of London. That she almost succeeds is a tribute to her skill as an anthropologist. With *Londoners* — both the current exhibition at the Museum of London and its accompanying book — she offers us a veritable cavalcade of images, backed up by acute, impressionistic essays.

Londoners in crowds: tumbling down Doré's "Ludgate Hill" or huddled in the murk of Henry Moore's wartime *Underground*; all incident and bustle in Frith's "Paddington Station"; damp, abstracted shadows in Nevinson's "Oxford Street"; flickering, lamplight ghosts in Sickert's music-hall by night — "Noctes Ambrosianae", the Mogul Tavern, Drury Lane.

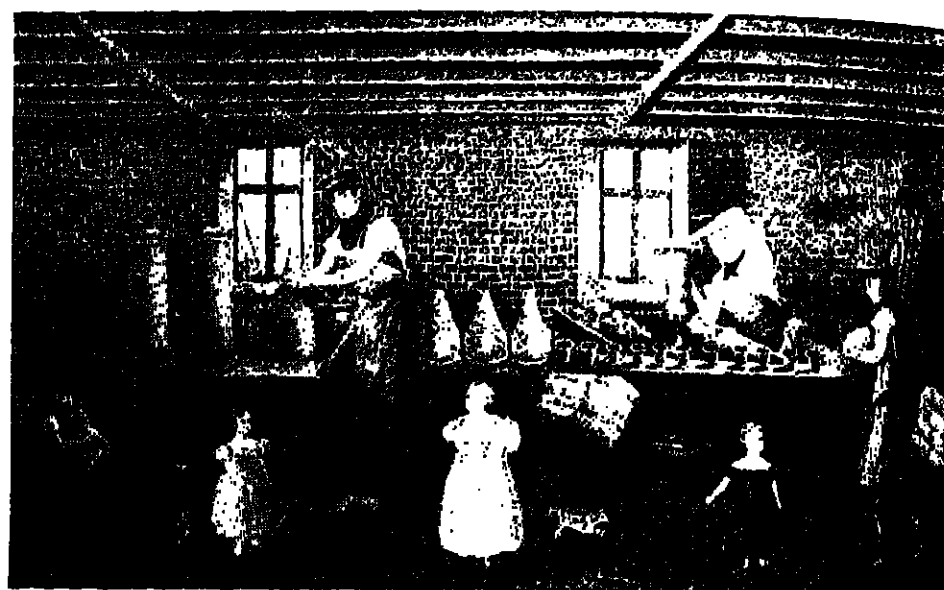
Or London on parade: strolling down the Mall, dancing in Vauxhall, gambling in St James's. The set-piece promenades are all there. But pavements rather than drawing-rooms are Dr Fox's forte: coal-heavens on Adelphi Terrace; gravel-diggers in Kensington; felons in Newgate and debtors in the King's Bench; railway navvies in Camden Town, beggars in Southwark, fish porters in Billingsgate; chimney-sweeps, mudlarks, matchgirls, shoeblacks. And some of the images are memorable: Hayman's "Wapping Landlady", at ease with Jack Tar; Morland's

winsome "Lady's Maid Soaping Linen"; Harold Gilman's "Mrs Mounter at the breakfast Table" — a haunting vignette of faded gentility.

Hogarth, of course, is the metropolitan observer *par excellence*. And no anthology of this kind could leave him out, still less Hollar or Rowlandson. But there are other limners of London too, all the more striking for being less familiar. George Scharf, for instance. Whereas Shepherd celebrates the glossy results of the Prince Regent's Improvements, Scharf records the building process itself. London Bridge coming down, Hungerford Market going up; tunnelling beneath the streets for the New Fleet Sewer; laying water mains in Tottenham Court Road — wherever there's a building site, Scharf is there too: the alternative topographer of Regency London.

Such glimpses, fresh and unhackneyed, make for a good exhibition and a better book. Sponsored by Chase Manhattan Bank and designed by David Stanfield, the exhibition is elegantly crammed into half-a-dozen small "rooms", each devoted to a particular theme. The choice of themes is inevitably arbitrary: some will quibble at the omission of separate sections on theatres and sport. But the arrangement is lucid and the labelling suitably didactic. Indeed, the labels often double as captions to the text of Fox's book. There the author is well-served by her twenty colour plates: Hogarth's "Six Servants", for instance, could scarcely look brighter. But the layout leaves something to be desired: the 257 black-and-white illustrations are unnumbered; and the source of each image referred to is irritatingly inserted in brackets, instead of appearing neatly among the reference notes at the end of the book. Even so, the text reads very well.

Dr Fox's Londoners are inevitably disconnected, random products of artistic choice. But, through her artists' eyes — heroic with Frank Brangwyn; prosaic with J. T. Smith and J. C. Bourne; romantic with Ford Madox Brown; melodramatic with Géricault; apocalyptic with Doré — we sense something of the capital's vibrancy and force, and the endless multiplicity of metropolitan living.



"The Interior of George Robinson's Pottery, Brentford", a painting by an unknown artist, c 1840, from Celina Fox's *Londoners*, reviewed here.

The Cartoonist Who . . .

E. S. Turner

H. M. Bateman 1887–1970: Centenary exhibitions
Royal Festival Hall and National Theatre, until June 20
The Best of H. M. Bateman: The "Tatler" cartoons 1922–26
32 colour plates. Bodley Head. £11.95.
0370 310705

H. M. Bateman's centenary should have been celebrated in that National Gallery of Humorous Art he once advocated (a possible Bateman scene there, with the artist making his appeal at the top table and well-fed potential backers fleeing for the exits). Instead, the exhibition is spread over London's South Bank, starting in the Royal Festival Hall and concluding — a few windswept puddles further on — in the National Theatre.

The captions to old *Punch* jokes were supposed to end with "Collapse of stout party", but artists did not actually portray the stout party collapsing until Bateman came along; then, in moments of high outrage, not only did all kinds of parties collapse but so did earth's foundations. In moments of lesser outrage, the population merely suffered advanced exophthalmia, or mass levitation of headgear.

No one has yet accused Bateman of indulging in the pathetic fallacy, but he certainly projected human emotions into external nature. It seems likely that he borrowed the idea from the Russo-French artist Caran d'Acho, who has a barracks scene in which buildings shake under the blast of military commands, and a street idyll in which the onset of young love sets the townscape quiver. It was Bateman's trick to adapt the device to heighten the humiliation of those who called the *pâté de foie gras* potted meat or addressed the *maitre d'hôtel* as "Gargon".

The exhibition reveals how precociously accomplished were Bateman's pre-1914 caricatures, mainly of stage and sporting people. He had a good line in affected pianists and could pin down the quiddity of a chaperon, a bishop, a judge or an *agent de police* with great skill. Most of these sketches were produced before he decided to "go mad" on paper, having reputedly suffered a nervous breakdown trying to decide whether to be a serious or humorous artist. The decision once taken, he concentrated on strips, of which he was a pioneering master, and on the familiar comedies of angling, simplifying and, to some degree vulgarizing his style for the popular market (*The Humourist*, *London Opinion*, *Sunday Graphic*). His work was a bridge between the overdrawn pictures of the old *Punch* and the underdrawn "shortland" sketches of today. In a looseening-up sense, he did for comic art what Ogden Nash did for straight-jacketed light verse.

Bateman was no savage satirist and sharpened no political axe; that heartless cackling group squinting malignant over a stump ora-

tor possibly summed up his approach to change. His targets were the conventional ones of the day: the slackers of 1914, the much-mocked end-of-war OBEs, Negro music, charabanc parties, the wearers of plus-fours and Oxford bags, bossy overfed matrons, short-fused colonels (his colonels were superb) and, above all, tax inspectors. Jokes about Jews and Negroes were well received in those days; we are shown the usher disastrously announcing the Colquhouns as Cohens, but not the woman saying "I have called on behalf of the poor little knock-kneed niggers of Poopooland" (for this see the collection *Considered Trifles*). One curiosity is "The Father Who Refused to Have His Children's Tonsils Out": the doctor who has been preparing the sacrificial tools does not, as one would expect, shudder with professional outrage, but capers with joy.

Two of Bateman's finest strips are generally agreed to be "The Boy Who Breathed on the Glass at the British Museum" (the Museum declined to lend the original, perhaps in case someone breathed on it) and "Getting a Document Stamped at Somerset House", in which the victims suffer the ultimate in legal and bureaucratic indignity. The jokes which became famous as "The Man Who . . ." very greatly in their aptness; some ideas are too obvious (the bowler hat worn at Murren, the chorus girl who miscalculates, but even the misdirected and far-fetched are redeemed by the robust elegance of the craftsmanship and the confidently rendered period detail (how different is Bateman's *Lloyds* from the new machine for living!) This "Man Who . . ." vein virtually ran out with the 1930s. It has been strangely suggested that there is no scope for a Bateman joke in these days of "anything goes". What about the agony of the potential juror rejected by a titling court for looking too respectable?

In *The Best of H. M. Bateman: The "Tatler" Cartoons 1922–26* are several reminders of the decadence of our times. The steed of the Horse Guards sentry is convulsed at being offered a carrot, but that is the least of the indignities visited by tourists on sentries today. Cricketers shown indulging in antic-contortions to mark an umpire's moment of inattention are only behaving as cricketers now do at every other ball. "The Guardsman Who Dropped It" is not in this collection, but it is relevant to point out that Guardsmen today not only drop their rifles, they themselves may be seen dropping. In a foreword Mark Boxer says that Bateman was paid £200 for these double-page *Tatler* drawings, the equivalent of a curate's annual stipend; not bad for a man who, as Boxer says, was never the high-life insider his drawings in the society "glossies" might suggest. Disillusion eventually overtook him and he exiled himself in Gozo. A sketch by him in the 1960s, in the Royal Festival Hall, shows a vulgar, hard-smoking couple in a room with a television set, she crammed into the tightest of holiday to revive her spirits, wearing a sensible and promptly stumbles on a corpse on the floor. It is called "Modern Life".

COMMENTARY

Pick an ending, any ending

Eric Korn

The Mystery of Edwin Drood
Savoy Theatre

Well, they didn't call it *Don't point it's Drood*. Other than that, Rupert Holmes's musical version of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* at the Savoy has few redeeming features. Strategic misjudgments and tactical blunders together produce a memorably wonky evening. The wheeze of offering a choice of endings and allowing the audience to decide which they prefer is the great innovation of the show: but what kind of a performance can an actor give that will fit as well the character of victim or villain, corpse or detective, fall guy or *deus ex machina*? The question gets you thinking about behaviourism in the theatre, about the notion of intentionality and textual closure: but don't bother. The level of discourse is *Chick's Own*, the characterization as broad and as thin as a highway poster. The subtle Crisparkle is turned into a Chasuble, the Landlesses into freaks, John Jasper into wicked Sir Jasper. The plot is likewise schematic, beyond the needs of the stage.

Another failed deconstructionist gimmick is to blame for many other stupidities. We are not toling ambiguous events in Cloisterham: instead what we are seeing is The Disappearance and Possible Death of Edwin Drood as enacted in 1892, by the Artists of the Music Hall Royale, a talentless troupe who have reached the end of the pier. They can discuss variant interpretations, mug madly at each die, squabble, interrupt the action with their own awful jokes and reduce the little that remains of the little that remains of Dickens's

half-plot to inept farce. It could have worked: but it would have needed a script and a cast whose values were not those of the Music Hall Royale. In the expensive and rather silly souvenir brochure Rupert Holmes writes an appreciation of the The Music Hall that contains most of the populist clichés, without saying that it was usually bad, boring and ill-natured. There is also a self-indulgent note on how he came to write the musical, which is entitled "What the Dickens!"

The cast are not Dickensians either. Ernie Wise doubling (apparently a last-minute hitch) as Chairman and as Thomas Sapsea is unflattering but unfunny; Lulu, on hand to turn the haggard old dopemonger Princess Puffer into that stage stereotype, the Jolly Old Bawd, is raucous; Julia Hills as Edwin Drood is ingeniously cast and spirited without extravagance.

The music seemed derivative and forgettable. *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* is often good to look at. There are witty backdrops, bits of stage machinery that gave me a child's delight, and a spectacular way with dry ice to produce a steaming dinner, a horror movie vapour (what you might call a hammerist) for the graveyard, and a tremendous thundering train arrival. What that Dickens says "In those days there was no railway to Cloisterham, and Mr Sapsea said there never would be?" Who is Dickens and what does he know? There is a cheerfully erotic opium ballet with Ropsy damned spirits writhing all over — perhaps the real reason for straining Dickens through 1890s muslin — and other visual pleasures, especially for theatregoers who don't object to the assumption that the theatre is a place for men to be entertained by looking at women.

You wouldn't then expect this show to cast

any light on who did it, and what it was; nor does it. Anyway, the fix was in: in what Ernie Wise gaspingly called "a daring and dangerously democratic move", the cast and not the audience was allowed to decide the question-begging issue of whether Drood were alive or dead. They voted him dead and then . . . but I'm not giving anything away, because the night you go, if you do, there will be an alternative and equally ill-considered ending.

Drood had the virtue of sending me back to Dickens. Dickens, I was not surprised to be reminded, was funnier. Dickens creates the ineffable Mr Honeythunder, the zealously intolerant reformer, cut from the play along with Mr Grewgious and Miss Twinkleton and Mr Tartar and the Billickin, several of whom might have had some part in the solution. Dickens has a description of bottles in a larder that is funnier than anything Rupert Holmes could come up with. Above all, Dickens does not say "They call it the Nuns' House because there's none of this and none of that and not much of the other", or "My wife's one in a million? Won in a raffle more like", or any of the other I say-I say-I says that didn't have the audience in stitches.

I don't have a theory about Drood, though when I do, it will not neglect, as many previous interpretations do, the Popperian dogma that predictions (and likewise reconstructions) ignore the unpredictable: the last-minute emergence of a new character or a resuscitated ancient one is all too likely. Moreover, I think there is a lot of mysterious parentage to be accounted for. "Who exactly was Rosa Bud?" I heard someone ask on the way out, and her companion, who may have been dozing, answered, "That's easy. Didn't she turn out to be a sledge?"

Jolly justice

Patricia Craig

Strong Polson: Have His Carcase;
Gaudy Night
BBC2

Agneta Christie's Miss Marple recently found perfect embodiment in the actress Joan Hickson, and now a similar service has been performed for the two leading Dorothy L. Sayers characters, Lord Peter Wimsey and Harriet Vane. Edward Petherbridge and Harriet Walter are a delight in the parts in BBC2's set of Sayers dramatizations, looking and sounding absolutely spot-on, whether they're capering about like a Wodehouse duo, or facing up bravely to upsetting circumstances.

In the opening case, *Strong Polson*, which takes pretty closely to the plan of the 1930 novel of that title, the two meet for the first time in Holloway Prison, where Harriet is awaiting retrial on the charge of having administered arsenic to her ex-lover Philip Boyes, an avant-garde novelist and something of a pain in the neck. Harriet Vane is a writer of detective novels, like her creator, with whom she shares other attributes. Lord Peter is a high-bred sleuth who first drew the attention of the public by solving the mystery of a body in a bath (*Whose Body?*, 1923). In *Strong Polson*, all his energies are applied to the problem of establishing the innocence of Harriet, whom he hopes to marry, despite scant encouragement from the girl, who, indeed, has other matters on her mind.

One of all three television adaptations is rather frivolous and debonair, even when Harriet is being beastly to Lord Peter; she only does it, we know, because of the rotten position she is in, being obliged to feel grateful to him, for saving her bacon. Save it he does by uncovering a forged will and some family acrimony, and putting his finger on the murderer's subterfuge method — a matter of getting his system accustomed to arsenic, which enables him to share without ill effect the lethal matter on her mind.

Harriet is duly acquitted, goes on a walking holiday to revive her spirits, wearing a sensible and promptly stumbles on a corpse on the floor. It is called "Modern Life".

four parts by Rosemary Anne Sisson) now being under way. The seashore is attached to an imaginary watering-place called Wilvercombe, from one of whose hotels a professional male dancer is missing. This bearded ballroom dancer of Russian extraction, whose chief trait is gullibility, has got himself entangled, it turns out, with a rich woman considerably older than himself (a Mrs Weldon, well played by Rowena Cooper). As in *Strong Polson*, a jeopardized inheritance is at the root of all the jiggery-pokery. Sayers's scenario allows some scope for egregious character-acting; she didn't take a great deal of trouble over the minor figures in her stories, drawing them, when needed, from a somewhat old-hat assembly. Still, the quaint behaviour of such characters contributes to the decorative, bygone quality of the whole undertaking.

We find an increase in effectiveness as the series progresses. *Have His Carcase* has the edge on the opening serial as far as efficiency of puzzle-making is concerned (though *Strong Polson*, in the hands of the adaptor Philip Broadley and the series director Christopher Hodson, has much to recommend it, including good performances from Shirley Calhoun as the ladylike detective Miss Climpson, and Norma Streader as her sturdy employee Miss Murchison, who isn't above relishing a spot of law-breaking in the interests of justice). The title, the victim's gore; the intermittently farouche behaviour of Harriet Vane and the hangman's noose notwithstanding, *Have His Carcase* is a very jolly affair indeed, with Harriet and Lord Peter up to the eyebrows in the deciphering of coded letters, and puzzling their brains over symptoms of hysteria in a horse.

Gaudy Night, even though it has shed a fair number of subplots during its transfer to the television screen, remains the most compelling of the Harriet Vane adventures. It is set in an Oxford College, Shrewsbury (Somerville), on which the author of the novel casts a cordial eye: She comes down firmly on the side of an academic life for women, though there are a few contrary ideologies being upheld. Shrewsbury College is suffering under an outbreak of poison pen letters and graffiti, and the members of the Senior Common Room are driven to wondering if there's something, after all, in

the quasi-psychological objection to women's education (1935 is the date of the novel). Has too much learning, combined with seclusion and celibacy, driven one of them completely round the bend? They can't help looking askance at one another. The Dean of Shrewsbury (Carol Maccready) invites Harriet, a former student there, to look into the business, and, with a good deal of help from Lord Peter, she clears the lot of them of the charge of criminal instability. A powerful anti-feminist motive, in fact, is at the bottom of the Shrewsbury disturbances.

Professional integrity is the crux of the matter. One of the Research Fellows, a Miss de Vine (Dilys Hamlett), had, in the past, exposed some falsification on the part of a historian (male) who subsequently shot himself, leaving a note to the effect that he'd been driven to it by a crowd of harpies. "You broke him and killed him . . ." Do you think that's a woman's job? demands the Shrewsbury "ghost", once she is exposed. The Research Fellow, in this adaptation, is unaccountably deprived of her best line, which follows this outburst: "Most unhappily," said Miss de Vine, "it was my job."

Gaudy Night goes in for antics rather than ethics (Harriet, for example, is knocked senseless rather more frequently than she is in the novel), which results in a shift of emphasis from Sayers's feminist issue to the puzzle-solving aspect of the plot. It is, however, rich in atmosphere and continuously diverting. It ends with the impassive face of Bunter, Lord Peter's manservant — played by Richard Morant who brings a touch of enigma to a relationship portrayed by Dorothy L. Sayers with a good deal of music-hall preposterousness.

The June issue of the *Fiction Magazine* contains a special feature, "Getting into Print", in which fourteen writers, mainly novelists, answer such questions as "How long has it been submitting your first novel for publication?", "Did you have an agent?" etc. Most appear to have been lucky first time, but David Storey's *This Sporting Life* was rejected by fifteen publishers. Copies are available (£2, including postage) from: 12/13 Clerkenwell Green, London. EC1.

TRYING TO MAKE SENSE

Peter Winch



Trying to Make Sense

PETER WINCH

These essays consider a wide variety of interlocking topics concerning language, thought, aesthetics, metaphysics, ethics, psychology and cultural anthropology. All are strongly influenced by Peter Winch's reading of Wittgenstein, and the aim throughout is to elucidate the sense in these different areas of human thought and conduct.

224 pages, £27.50 (0 631 16336 5)

On Ethics and Economics

AMARTYA SEN

Amartya Sen's contributions to economics and ethics have greatly strengthened the theoretical bases of both disciplines; in this elegant critique he argues that welfare economics can be substantively enriched by paying more explicit attention to ethics, and that modern ethical studies can also benefit from a closer contact with economics.

136 pages, £14.95 (0 631 16494 9)

Beyond Justice

AGNES HELLER

In an ambitious and original anatomy of the ethical and political concept of justice, Agnes Heller takes as her cue Hegel's description of modernity in which politics and ethics have fallen out of harmony with each other. She explores the nature of this breakdown with reference to the work of Kierkegaard, Goethe, Rousseau, Hegel, Kant, Diderot and Nietzsche.

360 pages, £25.00 (0 631 16208 7)

Taking

Darwin Seriously

A Naturalistic Approach to Philosophy

MICHAEL RUSE

"This, I venture to say, is the best book written to date on the philosophy of evolutionary biology. In a disquietingly clear, incisive style, Ruse brings natural selection to the front of general philosophy and makes it henceforth unavoidable as part of analysis. Similarly, he shows why philosophy is an essential subject for the future of biology." Professor Edward O. Wilson, Harvard

320 pages, paperback £7.95

(0 631 16478 7)

From Knowledge to Wisdom

A Revolution in the Aims and Methods of Science

NICHOLAS MAXWELL

Maxwell has, I believe, written a very important book which will resonate in the years to come.

Journal of Applied Philosophy

304 pages, £5.95 paperback

(0 631 16841 3)

Basil Blackwell

108 Cowley Road, Oxford OX4 1JF
Suite 1503, 432 Park Avenue South,
New York NY 10018

Psychical substrata

Roger Cardinal

LOUIS ARAGON
La Défense de l'Infini et *Les Aventures de Jean-Paul de la Bête*
 Edited by Eduardo Ruiz
 377pp. Paris: Gallimard, 95fr.
 2070707938
 The *Libertine*
 Translated by Jo Levy
 185pp. Calder/New York: RiverRun, £11.95.
 0714541014

It remains one of the enigmas of Aragon's career that he should, in October 1927, have destroyed the novel he had been working on for four years: *La Défense de l'Infini* – burning some 1,500 manuscript pages, as he later claimed, under the eyes of his mistress Nancy Cunard, on the floor of a cold hotel in Madrid, while a servant peered through the keyhole wondering what the two of them could be up to.

The received explanation for Aragon's sacrifice has been that he did it under pressure from the anti-literary consensus of the Surrealist group, just as he had given up his editorship of the literary *Paris-Journal* in 1923, and had in May 1927 counter-signed the tract which formally excluded Artaud and Soupault for having betrayed Surrealism in pursuing "la stupide aventure littéraire". André Breton's attack on the novel form in the 1924 *Manifeste* seemingly established a generic bias for Surrealist writ-

ing, whereby the novel is associated with bourgeois careerism, and only poetry remains as the medium of authentic creativity and liberation.

I have never found this differentiation other than crude, nor is the implication as to Aragon's motives at all satisfactory. For one thing, there were always Surrealists around who managed to be novelists without incurring the group's wrath. If in 1926 René Crevel could publish the formally quite conventional novel *La Mort difficile*, what was in principle so objectionable about what Aragon was doing? For another, it is clear that Aragon's seeming submission to a Surrealist "line" did not prevent his carrying on writing the book, even if he consented not to publish it. Moreover, whereas the release of two excerpts in a non-Surrealist journal under the heading *Le Cahier noir* did provoke negative comment within the group, there seems to have been no outcry when *Le Con d'frère*, another long fragment, came out as an independent volume (admittedly anonymously). No, the reasons for Aragon's *auto-do-fé* were other, as he himself later hinted, having less to do with the Surrealists and their collective criteria than with his own private standards.

What exactly comprises the present gathering of the extant remains, scrupulously edited by Eduardo Ruiz from manuscripts in private hands and from scripts hitherto kept locked at the Fonds Doucet? Here is a reprint – with lascivious illustrations by Masson – of the semi-erotic novella *frère* (now definitively ascribed

to Aragon, despite the quaint disavowals of his lifetime): a pornographic grotesque called *Les Aventures de Jean-Fouire la Bête*; a fuller version of *Le Cahier noir*; and a number of other pieces, amounting in all to some 240 printed pages. An informed guess computes this as totalling 15 to 20 per cent of the original novel.

In one of his gnomic commentaries on *La Défense* in later life, Aragon described the work as "le comble et la négation du roman", a fiction crammed with hundreds of characters who live out divergent adventures until the orgasmic finale, when they all converge in a gigantic brothel scene.

The remnant most in keeping with the model of narrative multiplication is the sequence "Voyageurs", whose separate chapters introduce characters – Anne, Armand, Gérard, Michel – who are briefly glimpsed, then vanish, sometimes to reappear pages later in an entirely new context. Only a few – the manipulative Blanche, the unaccommodating Irène – survive long enough for the reader to register them as decisive presences.

What makes most impact is the recurrence of certain set-pieces in the author's repertoire, such as the scenes of exacerbated and anonymous desire, often set in public places: one of Aragon's most fetching pieces of erotica is a passage from "Instants" which evokes a triple orgasm in a crowded carriage on the Nord-Sud métro line. Another typical scene discloses what I take to be the actual circumstances of composition: a writer lounges at a café table and orders a *fine* while transcribing details of the world around him, as Aragon was indeed wont to do. This scene fits by from time to time, a reminder of the vanity of trying to copy reality, since in point of fact what Aragon is really doing is drawing the reader into deeper and deeper convolutions of textuality.

The reader – by turns tantalized, patronized, mocked even – must finally realize what this so-called "novel" is all about. It is about writing, or at least about style. We recognize the personae that Aragon has perfected. There is the Wildean dandy, abrupt and cocksure master of the mordant insult; and the Jarryesque defender of his own genius, as in the caustic "Je te déteste, univers", which rails against the impertinent judgments of the narrator's cretinous friends (unpublished in Aragon's lifetime, this text could be construed as evidence of Aragon's scorn for his colleagues). Then there is the Sadean libertine, ever ready to impute lubricious potential to the most decorous of females; and finally the Roussellian wordsmith, the virtuoso improviser upon the stuff of language: alliterative arabesques are spun around arbitrary keywords like *fumiste* or

péripétie, wild sentences are engendered out of anagrams like *onagrelorgane*, and crazy fairy-tales are peppered with such brusque Ducassian similes as "un rire bleu, bizarre comme l'allumette" or "le foutrou, pareil aux neiges des sommets", images at once essentially Surrealist and flamboyantly distinctive.

From time to time "novelistic" concerns do surface in Aragon's lyrical prose: jealousy, anger, the effect of crowds, the thrill of illicit passion. These lend a certain colour to the predominantly urban setting, yet they hardly construct what one would spontaneously label a "novel", let alone "realist fiction", at least not in the terms one would have thought appropriate in the mid-1920s. Truth to tell, if Aragon was writing something "novelistic", his endeavour, on this evidence, was more to explode the conventions of a lingering Naturalism, and to initiate an onerous illumination of the substrata of the city consciousness (a pioneering ambition not without some affinity to that of a Jules Romains or of some *nouveau romancier*).

Certainly there is much to enjoy and admire in these vestiges of a work never completed. On the other hand, the bitterness and waywardness of the texts point to a simpler explanation of Aragon's renunciation. Almost certainly he did not destroy the novel in deference to a group diktat. Nor did he, in my estimation, do so because of Nancy Cunard's alleged squeamishness about erotic literature, given that he blithely published *Le Con d'frère* a few months later. An obvious answer, I suggest, is that Aragon simply found it all too much. Fifteen hundred brilliant pages do not necessarily add up to a unified whole: maybe this writer so proud of his faultless first drafts got cold feet at the prospect of an extensive rewrite.

A more modest and therefore more satisfying volume is *Le Libertinage* (1924), adroitly translated by Jo Levy as *The Libertine*. This compendium of early pieces includes "Extra Special", a pastiche in homage to Aragon's hero Isidore Ducasse; "In a Tight Spot", a bitter play somewhat in the vein of H.-K. Lenormand; "When the Game's Up", the tale of an anarchist gang, half thriller, half send-up of the Surrealist clan; and "The French Woman", an exercise in erotic innuendo and a fine example of Aragon's talent for rendering intimate events from a woman's standpoint. The evidence of such a text alone might suggest that Aragon never liked to be in less than total control of his work. It would be ironic if *La Défense de l'Infini* were burned not because it was anti-Surrealist, but because it was, for Aragon's taste, too capricious, too formless, too anarchic, in a word too surrealist.

The drama of loneliness

Mansel Stimpson

JEAN COCTEAU
The Miscreant
 Translated by Dorothy Williams
 163pp. Brilliance Books. Paperback, £3.95.
 0 946189 91 9

In his first novel, dating from 1921, Jean Cocteau refers to our perceptions on waking: "We see a dreadful universe, because we are right. Soon afterwards we are loaded with the tricks of the intellect." Those tricks are just what Cocteau's detractors deplore, finding them in, for example, the determinedly idiosyncratic style which marks the beginning and end of *The Miscreant*. Certainly the interest of the book stems from the fact that there is a good deal of Cocteau himself in the central figure, the student Jacques Forestier ("He exaggerated his weak points, mannerisms and ridiculous ways until they were no longer liabilities. He deliberately brought them out.")

But the strength of the novel, now republished in paperback (in a translation by Dorothy Williams dating from 1958), lies elsewhere. Some would locate it in the evocation of a Parisian life long past and, admittedly, there are phrases which could come from no other era – as in this description of Venice: "By night, she is an amorous negress lying dead in her bath with her tawdry jewels." But despite the Cubist parallel suggested by Serbia Thirkell in her introduction, it is the book's universal quality which engages us: its persuasive account

of Jacques's first physical love affair, with the revue artist Germaine, and his discovery that sexual behaviour is far too complex not to contradict the dreams of an adolescent. As a fellow student puts it: "Moral laws are the rules of a game at which everyone cheats, and has done so since the beginning of the world." This is not the Cocteau we know best, but Cocteau who can still assert: "A mirror is not Narcissus' pool; there is no plunging into it." Indeed this is a work in which Cocteau's cleverness is not on the surface but in the compellingly detailed insights into relationships. These open out from the central one (judged only in the episode of Jacques's suicide bid, when Cocteau tries too hard) to a superbly revealed sexual merry-go-round which his Murdoch might envy.

The moment when the affair between Jacques and Germaine passes its peak is brilliantly treated, the couple clashing over the effectiveness of a poem by Victor Hugo. The adolescent world – recognizable and timeless – is so well realized that *The Miscreant* may seem quite unconnected with what was to come. But Cocteau himself corrects that in the preface: "my whole work hangs on the drama of love, and man's attempts to overcome it." The only real difference is that here we see Cocteau at the moment of waking.

POSTAGE INLAND 18p ABROAD 28p
 SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY
 1095 SUBSCRIBERS US\$ BY AIR MAIL DELIVERED BY AIR
 1095 SUBSCRIBERS £ BY AIR MAIL DELIVERED BY AIR
 STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10022

A legacy of independence

Lorenz Eitner

LIE JOHNSON
The Paintings of Eugène Delacroix: A critical catalogue, 1832-1863
 Volumes Three and Four
 370pp, 341 plates. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
 0191873784

Surprisingly, Delacroix has to this day escaped the deconstructive vengeance that has overtaken Courbet, Manet, and many other artists on the face of it, seem less troublingly complex than he, and therefore less attractive to imaginative interpreters. One might have thought that the mystery surrounding his personality would have stimulated the Freudians, and to initiate an onerous illumination of the substrata of the city consciousness (a pioneering ambition not without some affinity to that of a Jules Romains or of some *nouveau romancier*).

His personality, too independent, too proudly spiritual and absorbed in art, has not inspired friendship or invited intimacy. He continues, unconsciously, to intimidate would-be interpreters, just as in life he refused intrusive visits, and to impose himself with remarkable freedom on the style and range of his sketches. His journals and letters have found their way, self-effacing editors, his paintings, drawings, and prints have been re-assembled by several generations of indefatigable searchers. Outside this continuous collecting effort, interpretation and historical classification have played a minor role. The emphasis has steadily remained fixed on the work itself, on its recovery, on the establishment of its chronology, on the separation of the unquestionably authentic from the false or doubtful – in other words, on those labours of attribution, identification, and dating that devotees of the New History hold in special contempt.

The gain has been substantial. Delacroix's work is more fully documented and rather less encumbered with mis-attributions and misreadings than that of other major painters of the period. The effort of securing and ordering his work began in his lifetime, with a list of works published by Théophile Silvestre in 1855; it continued on a more ambitious scale by Maurice Moreau in 1873, and reached a level of completeness and accuracy remarkable for its time in Robert's monumental *L'Oeuvre complète d'Eugène Delacroix* of 1885, which remained for nearly a century the indispensable work of reference. Four generations of scholars, not only of Delacroix but of French nineteenth-century art in general, relied on Robert's authority. Works given to Delacroix by his contemporaries as titles of authentication.

Fresh discoveries and careful scholarship have, in these past hundred years, both enriched and complicated our knowledge of his work, without markedly changing the direction of research. Exhibitions of Delacroix, and their catalogues, have from time to time provided occasions for the gathering together and the testing of proposed additions to the corpus. Maurice Sérullaz's *Mémoires* based on the centennial exhibitions held at Louvre in 1963, marked the furthest progress to that date in the recovery and documentation of Delacroix's work. By the richness of his elucidations of some five hundred paintings and drawings, and particularly by his detailed apparatus of provenances, records and bibliographies, some sense of the magnitude of subsequent work. Everything Delacroix scholarship has tended to concentrate on, while other nineteenth-century painters were being taken apart, Delacroix was being put together. The monolithic attribution of individual paintings to Delacroix, and hence of nineteenth-century problems that make up the better part of

the most recent Delacroix literature, notably the important series of articles published by Lee Johnson over the past twenty-five years, read like fragmentary contributions towards a future *catalogue raisonné*, merely waiting to be fitted together.

That such a catalogue should now appear, presenting the whole of Delacroix's painted work fully documented, annotated, and illustrated, therefore comes as the expected result of a long development – and perhaps as its conclusion, for it is hard to imagine much further progress, except in minutiae, along paths now so well explored. Professor Johnson's *The Paintings of Eugène Delacroix*, at any rate, seems unlikely to be superseded in the near future, and may well be destined for a useful life as long as that of Robert's seminal catalogue. Vastly richer in content and far more precise in method than any of its predecessors, its five volumes are divided into three main parts. The first two (reviewed in the TLS of July 15, 1983) dealt with the paintings of Delacroix's early years, 1816-31. Volumes Three and Four, issued this spring, comprise the easel paintings of his mid and late career, 1832-63. Still to appear, Volume Five will treat the great mural cycles and their preparatory sketches. Johnson concentrates exclusively on the paintings and replaces Robert's emphasis on the biographical continuity of the work with a complex system of subdivisions that deliberately cuts across the chronology of his volumes. His purpose is not to trace the development but to define the actual composition of the work, and he therefore distinguishes, and lists separately, three main categories of paintings: those which he believes to be authentic (a total of 342 for the period of 1832-63), those which are unlocated or lost (ninety-eight), and those which he considers as doubtful, or rejects outright (thirty-five). Within these categories, the paintings are further subdivided by the subject matter – "Historical and Literary Subjects", "North African and Eastern Subjects", "Religious Paintings", etc – and it is only in these subcategories that they are arranged by date. This somewhat austere systematic treatment sacrifices biographical and stylistic connections to clarity of arrangement, in keeping with the catalogue's function as an instrument of reference.

Yet despite its rigorous factuality, or perhaps because of it, this catalogue is highly readable. Its light, unobstructive framework gives more immediate access to the concrete reality of works and artist than do other, more opaque forms of art-writing. With a reserve worthy of his favourite artist, Johnson spares his readers the introductory text which authors often use for an expansive disclosure of their aims and opinions. Instead, he briskly starts Volumes One and Two of his catalogue with a chronological table, and then goes directly to the main business. Volumes Three and Four are prefaced, perhaps as a concession to custom, by a literary portrait of Delacroix that he has distilled from contemporary accounts, avoiding with typical discretion some of the more intimate aspects of the artist's personal life.

The pleasures of the catalogue are in its entries, many of them miniature monographs, written in an unhurried, lucid style. Johnson conveys his information by a seemingly effortless, but actually carefully shaped narrative, in which the facts and documents that he has brought together are made to speak for themselves. Even the catalogue's formidable machinery of provenances, exhibition records and bibliographies, triumphs of scholarly industry which frame the main texts of the entries, gain a vivid picturesqueness from the sheer density and colour of their detail.

The thirty-year span which Volumes Three and Four cover, extending from Delacroix's return to France after his African voyage, in 1832, to his death in 1863, was less rich in stellar Salon performances than his early years. His continuous occupation with large mural projects deflected some of his energies and left him less time for the easel paintings with which he had made his reputation. All the more astonishing are the vast range and imaginative power of the paintings that he did submit to the Salons during this period, beginning with "Women of Algiers in their Apartment" (1834), "Tallouville" (1837), and "Medea" (1838).

(1838), and leading to the crowning achievements of his mid-career, "The Justice of Trajan" and "Entry of the Crusaders into Constantinople" (1840), works that reflected Delacroix's growing experience with monumental scale and interest in didactic oratory. In the following decades, when he was busy with the enormous official commissions in the Palais Bourbon, the Luxembourg, the Hôtel de Ville and the Louvre that the governments of Louis-Philippe and Louis-Napoleon had entrusted to him, he produced fewer large Salon pictures, but continued to paint a multitude of smaller canvases for private collectors, on an extraordinarily wide range of subjects. It is one of the advantages of the thematic arrangements of Johnson's catalogue that it allows a clear view of this variety and defines the proportionate importance of Delacroix's special interests. Beside the expected prominence of Oriental subjects (a total of eighty-five listings, including lost works), animal scenes (fifty-five), episodes from Shakespeare (twenty-five) and Byron (seventeen), the number of landscapes and still-lives (fifty-four) is larger than one should have supposed, and that of religious subjects – a total of seventy-three, including fifty from the life of Christ – much larger than the conventional view of Delacroix's work would allow. There can be little doubt, given the intensity of feeling expressed in his religious paintings and their large share in his work, that Delacroix was one of the last great masters in the tradition of Christian art.

Johnson's catalogue not only brings to light paintings long lost or never adequately published, but contributes much to the knowledge of key works – paintings so often studied and so much published that one might have supposed that there was nothing further to say about them. His additions and corrections are so numerous and so pervasive, down to the minutiae of measurements and physical condition, as to constitute a massive revision of the literature on Delacroix. The entries for nearly all paintings, the relatively minor as well as the most important, thoroughly identify their subject matter, its historical or literary sources, and its significance at the time. They describe the biographical circumstances that gave rise to them and influenced their development. Where possible, they trace the genesis of paintings from sketch to final execution, chronicle the circumstances of their acceptance or rejection by the Salon, and analyse the treatment they received from the critical press. Their stylistic or technical peculiarities receive a thorough discussion (a notable instance being Delacroix's handling of highlights and half-shadows in the "Entry of the Crusaders"), as do the traces of artistic influence or of pictorial tradition that appear in them. For the most part, Johnson lets the documents speak and makes his points not by assertion but through quotations from contemporary sources, particularly from the correspondences of Delacroix himself.

Like that of most important artists of the nineteenth century, the work of Delacroix has acquired a fringe of spurious attributions that blurs its contours and dilutes its quality. Johnson wields a sharp knife in removing these accretions, some of which have gained respectability through their inclusion in important exhibitions and in the literature. He is regarded as a restrictionist, a severe judge who would rather condemn a picture with some arguable claim to acceptance than risk accepting a spurious work to the canon. This is an area in which the interests of scholarship and ownership intersect, and sometimes come into vehement collision, exposing the art historian to the pressures of a commercial world in which attributions are translatable into money. Museums, collectors, and dealers are, understandably, sensitive about the treatment their possessions receive in scholarly publications, especially in influential, long-lasting works of reference. Scholars, on their part, knowing that theirs is an uncertain science, are generally mindful of the special responsibility that their ability to inflict financial damage imposes on them, though they also know that this must not sway their judgment.

In the debate over the best method for separating the authentic from the spurious in an artist's work, recently brought to wide public attention by the Rembrandt controversy, and

approaches stand opposed to one another: the intuitive diagnostic expertise of the connoisseur, based on long practical experience, but incapable of objective proof, and the historian's demonstration of documentary evidence, more verifiable, but possible only when such evidence can be found, by luck or effort. Both methods, the "soft" and the "hard", have strong advocates, neither guarantees success or is sufficient by itself. The connoisseur's conviction is, obviously, fallible, but so is, perhaps less obviously, the historian's reading of the hard evidence. In the attribution of poorly documented work, the connoisseur's eye is often the only resource, and even seemingly well-documented works may fail to persuade, if they look wrong to the connoisseur. Art historians, or, rather, that minority among them who concern themselves with the fundamental establishment of an artist's work, will generally lean toward one or the other side in this dispute, which may be basically a matter of temperament and disposition, as well as of visual intelligence. Johnson is pre-eminently a master of documentary research, who approaches undocumented paintings with scepticism and is reluctant to venture positive attributions on the grounds of style and quality alone. In unravelling conflicting claims, he tends to opt for the side better supported by such concrete evidence as sales records, exhibition catalogues and dealers' inventories, and to rely on stylistic or qualitative indications mainly to confirm his negative judgments. It is in his rejections that he expresses connoisseurial observations, in terms such as "brushwork singularly lacking vitality", "crude handling", "lacklustre quality", and "dry, timid, streaky brushwork". This is not to say that he is indifferent to larger stylistic issues. His earlier studies of Delacroix's use of colour and frequent observations scattered throughout these volumes prove his interest and the acuteness of his eye. But for the purpose of this catalogue, purely stylistic considerations take second place, as is clear from its overall organization which rather plays down stylistic relationships.

In Volume One of the catalogue, Johnson had listed eighty-one paintings as "doubtful", specifying that on ten of these he had not entirely made up his mind, that five were too badly mutilated to be accepted, that twenty-one were in his opinion not authentic, but offered some room for argument, while a further forty-five paintings could only be rejected outright. Since these outcasts included a number of well-known and highly regarded paintings, not a few of which have their listing in Robert and their place in the literature, the rejections caused a stir, but they produced no rebuttals in print. In an appendix to the present Volume Three, only two of the dis-attributed paintings are reinstated. It is noteworthy, however, that although the number of paintings listed in this latest volume is more than double the number of pictures in Volume One, only thirty-five are listed as doubtful or rejected. The reason given by Johnson is that "paintings from a famous artist's maturity . . . are more easily identified as authentic than works from his formative years". But it is also apparent that a slightly less strict standard has been applied in the matter of outright rejections. By way of compensations, a new sub-category of "School Works" is now introduced, consisting of ten paintings attributed wholly or in part to Pierre Andrieu who, in Delacroix's later years, worked as his studio assistant and frequently under-painted, finished or simply copied his master's pictures. To the same Andrieu, Johnson also attributes several of the pictures that in his latest volume he lists as rejected or doubtful. Nearly all these questioned or discarded works, it may be noted, had been catalogued by Robert. It is possible that some reinstatements or corrections will be made in the future, but it appears doubtful, given Johnson's solid documentary base, that their number will be significant.

Studies of the work of great artists so complete in scope and profound in penetration as this require an investment of self that few are willing to make: they are therefore extremely rare. The publication of Professor Johnson's catalogue of Delacroix's paintings is an event whose impact will be felt in all future study of Delacroix, and hence of nineteenth-century art.

Johnson's catalogue not only brings to light paintings long lost or never adequately published, but contributes much to the knowledge of key works – paintings so often studied and so much published that one might have supposed that there was nothing further to say about them. His additions and corrections are so numerous and so pervasive, down to the minutiae of measurements and physical condition, as to constitute a massive revision of the literature on Delacroix. The entries for nearly all paintings, the relatively minor as well as the most important, thoroughly identify their subject matter, its historical or literary sources, and its significance at the time. They describe the biographical circumstances that gave rise to them and influenced their development. Where possible, they trace the genesis of paintings from sketch to final execution, chronicle the circumstances of their acceptance or rejection by the Salon, and analyse the treatment they received from the critical press. Their stylistic or technical peculiarities receive a thorough discussion (a notable instance being Delacroix's handling of highlights and half-shadows in the "Entry of the Crusaders"), as do the traces of artistic influence or of pictorial tradition that appear in them. For the most part, Johnson lets the documents speak and makes his points not by assertion but through quotations from contemporary sources, particularly from the correspondences of Delacroix himself.

The battle for deaf souls

Liam Hudson

HARLAN LANE
When the Mind Hears: A history of the deaf
537pp. New York: Random House:
distributed in the UK by Souvenir Press.
£18.95.
0394508785

Harlan Lane's history of the deaf poses distinctive problems, the perennial ones of the historian in a new and disquieting guise. A specialist in the psychology of language, Professor Lane provides an account that is plainly expert but equally plainly partisan. It is not just that he is in favour of the deaf, as we all must be, and is committed to their acceptance as ordinary human beings. He believes, passionately, that one approach to the education of the deaf is correct, and another is so profoundly wrong as very nearly to be wicked. The history he offers, then, is a polemic in favour of one educational régime against a rival. The souls of men and women are being fought for, he suggests. He therefore feels entitled, within the bounds of scholarly evidence, to catch our attention however he can. He is willing to dramatize, and he engages too in literary conceits, impersonating the voice of one of the great protagonists in the battle, the Frenchman Laurent Clerc.

All this could have been done by legerdemain, as Norman Mailer did, for instance, for Gary Gilmore in *The Executioner's Song*. However, Lane chooses to be explicit. In his foreword, he spells out his terms:

Even if we could write history as documentation, we should not. If there is truth to Hegel's claim that "people and governments have never learned anything from history", this should motivate the historian who wants to have an impact on human affairs, as I do, to write in a way that commands general attention. If his subject, moreover, turns on sustained outrages against fundamental human values, as mine does, is he to deny his humanity and pretend indifference?

Lane's account of these outrages fits a pattern that is instantly recognizable:

The history of relations between the society of hearing-speaking people and the community of deaf-signing people is an excellent case study in the motives and means at work when fear of diversity leads majorities to oppress minorities. The attempt to force assimilation, to claim biological insufficiency when assimilation fails, to indoctrinate minority children in majority values through the schools - all this and much more will be familiar to readers interested in the predicament of other minority communities. In short, *When the Mind Hears* is a study in the anatomy of prejudice.

"The hearing loss of most members of the signing community", Lane goes on, "has proven disastrous for them because it has played into the hands of those who seek to dispose of social problems by medicalizing them." The two million Americans who use manual language are not handicapped in the usual sense:

There is largely a problem of overcoming language barriers, not a problem of disability. So say my deaf friends, and the evidence bears them out. Then why do we hearing people consider the deaf disabled, defective? Why do we and our institutions class them not with groups such as Spanish-speaking Americans but with groups such as blind Americans? Why indeed?

The villains of the piece are the "oralists", those who believe that the spoken language is paramount and that the deaf should be taught not to sign but to lip-read and, however awkwardly, to speak. The villainy of the oralists, centuries old, is now united with that of educationalists who believe in "mainstreaming". That is to say, those who encourage the deaf to find their way in ordinary schools rather than being hived off, a race apart, in special schools. The conceptual weapons in play here - fear of diversity, the forcible assimilation of a minority through the agency of the schools, the spurious appeal to biology, the medicalization of social problems - could have been borrowed from any of thousands of tracts written over the past twenty years in defence of one beleaguered minority or another: the schizophrenic against the sane, the deviant against the policeman, homosexuals against heterosexuals, blacks against whites, females against males. Fueling their use is a sense of natural justice outraged and rights to self-determination denied. Lane concludes his preliminary argument by quoting the deaf orator Robert P. McCarty, school principal and first president

of the National Association of the Deaf:

The utmost extreme to which tyranny can go when its mailed hand descends upon a conquered people is the proscription of their natural language, and with the utmost rigor several generations are required to eradicate it. But all the attempts to suppress signs, wherever tried, have most signally failed. After a hundred years of proscription in Germany and Austria, they still flourish, and will continue to flourish to the end of time. What heinous crime have the deaf been guilty of that their language should be proscribed?

As one reads *When the Mind Hears*, the profound consolation for deaf children of learning to sign fluently, and of living in a community of those who sign, becomes unmistakable. They blossom. One sees, too, how dangerous to the deaf must be the prejudice in favour of words; failure to grasp that a sizeable proportion of the world's most fastidious inhabitants communicate most subtly with one another not through words but through shapes and colours, bodily movement and sound - through the visual arts, dancing and mime, music. There are many (one thinks of the "dyslexic" designer and jazz musicians in the Charlie Parker mould) who are largely incoherent without pencil or musical instrument in hand. Such polemic exerts its characteristic bind, though. If, however subliminally, the reader starts to "what if" and "but", he is immediately trapped. He is himself an oppressor of minorities, or he is the victim of indoctrination. Either way, his what if-ing and but-ing can be nothing but the expression of false consciousness. He is in an arena of debate from which the middle ground has been removed.

Thaw

It was a pure world, snow-covered.

I was working on an algebraic model of the long fall, almost aleatory, of flakes intersected by slicing and sweeping gulls when the phone rang:

the Radio Committee boss going bazurkas because the Friend of Children had tuned into Yudina playing the Mozart 23rd and wanted the record of it.
Who was the boss to say it was a live broadcast? If the Great Gardener thought it was a record, it was a record: if Stalin said shit, you shat.

So off they went to Archives to find Yudina had never recorded the 23rd. We had to do it then. That night.

The studio was frigid bedlam; the tympanist was still in his pyjamas, the woodwind had no scores so, out of habit, were falling back on the '1812' while the conductor was so nervous his adagio kept twitching into allegro.

Yudina was the only calm one; when I swore at a fuse blowing she said 'You're far from God, you must be closer to God.'

We made the pressing at daybreak: just one copy. Three of us took it over to Dispatch like a bomb disposal squad with Parkinson's. Snow huffed and puffed at us all the way; it was 16 below and we were sweating. Carrying it, I felt limp and giggly; I remembered the Latin *effetus* weakened by having brought forth young.

That record was on the turntable in his dacha when the Great Railway Engineer finally died; the music at an end, allegro assai, whirling outer air configured with flakes and the still pulse inside tightening at 78 revolutions a minute

scrik . . . scrik . . . scrik . . . scrik . . .

OLIVER REYNOLDS

I am not at all sure that one really wants history written in this way. It is plain that the deaf deserve advocacy. There is an oddly unfashionable cause. We tend to neglect those who stand at a physical rather than a psychological or ethnic disadvantage: not just the deaf, but the blind, the paraplegic, the epileptic, the mentally subnormal. But, as with all such groups, questions of common humanity, natural justice and the right to self-determination by no means exhaust the pool of pertinent questions that can be aired. Nor need it necessarily be an exercise in covert oppression or academic pettifoggery to air them. Can it really be the case that one educational régime, the use of one form or another of sign language, has everything in its favour, while its rival, "oralism", belongs in the blackest pit? And is it actually to the advantage of all deaf children - every single one - to live in a community which signs, rather than being attached, however peripherally, to society at large; to go to special schools rather than ordinary ones?

The evidence from other facets of upbringing and education suggests caution. Wherever one looks, one finds evidence of cycles in attitude and practice, and of passionate convictions subject to rhythmic alternation. Over the feeding of babies from bottle or breast, and the teaching of sighted children to read (whether phonetically or by "look and say"), and in our preoccupation more generally with skills and disciplines as opposed to children's creativity and self-expression, one sees cycles in operation. The same holds for psychological research - the waxing and waning, for instance,

of our interest in heritability. At each turn of the wheel, one sees the same passions, the same division of actors into the right-minded and the alien; just the qualities, in fact, that *When the Mind Hears* betrays.

What is so strange about such cycles, beyond our inability to learn from them, is the depth to which they invade our sense of what is "natural". In the years immediately after the Second World War, to take a famous instance, it struck many enlightened people as perfectly sensible for B. F. Skinner - under whom, incidentally, Lane did his PhD - to bring up his baby daughter in a box. Today, this venture strikes most enlightened people as warped, an act of inhumanity that must lead to gross psychiatric disturbance. What is so intriguing about such episodes is that, when the climatic received wisdom changes, their details become ones which few of us can bring ourselves to examine: that the box was in fact a tin-conditioned crib, for example, and that the gross long-term consequences for Miss Skinner seem to have been non-existent. Cynically, it is sometimes argued that such rhythmic cycles of belief about child-raising and education exist because each generation of parents and teachers, in order to perform their tasks with vim, must see themselves in righteous revolt against the errors of the previous generation. What is at issue is not this method or that, but the commitment and enthusiasm of the person using either.

Such cynicism is probably too tidy to accommodate the facts about the education of the deaf. One looks, nevertheless, at moments in near-desperation, for evidence in Lane's text that the bedrock of inherent plausibility is still recognizably present. You wish this immensely well-informed man would lower his voice for a moment, give the dramatic effect a rest, and talk to you ordinarily. There is a sense - you concede it readily - in which the deaf American is like the Spanish-speaking American. And it *does* make sense to see sign language as a natural language in its own right rather than being, like Braille, parasitic on normal language. But why is Lane apparently so eager to obscure what is so obviously true, namely, that deafness is exactly like blindness in that both are physiological, "medical" handicaps?

The pat answer, the one that every social science student in the world knows (and which she cannot articulate it), is that it is our responsibility to dismantle, sanitize and compose the language of vulgar prejudice. But if you allow the deaf to be called "defective", they will go on being stigmatized, oppressed. But doesn't the academic have some responsibility? - to think both imaginatively and straight? And if so, might there not be an argument for conceiving of defects and handicaps in another light altogether, as the constraints that channel and focus what talents we possess? - the stutterer who becomes an orator; the idiot savant in whose congeniality ability there are wonderful lacunae, and who draws with such finesse because all other avenues for expression are blocked. We become what we do, the argument suggests, not in spite of our handicaps, but on their strength. The story of the education of the deaf, Lane depicts it, is a turbulent one, well served by visionaries, zealots, charlatans, headed philanthropists and administrators. You enjoy a crusade against perceived ills, or simply a case robustly made, or are offended by a certain theatricality of style. You are happy to wait, carried along on a wave of enthusiasm, before allowing a colder-eyed vision to emerge. You will emerge better informed, sure. You will emerge better informed with a slice of the past vividly alive in your mind. If, on the other hand, you need only which to think for yourself as each page is turned, and you expect a distinguished academic more than plump for one side or the other, centuries-old debate - to move you on to new ground and show how a synthesis might be reached - you will find *When the Mind Hears* quite a struggle. I struggled, I confess, there is doubtless a place for historians who are clamorously partisan. I found myself leaning, long before the end was in sight, to the side of the subject and its first success was in the deaf schools. The biologist Thomas

Down to earth

Jack Meadows

JOHN G. BURKE
Cosmic Debris: Meteorites in history
466pp. California University Press. £38.25.
050 05851 5

Of all scientific words, "meteor" has some claim to have the most complex history. Originally, it referred to any sudden change in the atmosphere which produced light. This connection with the atmosphere led to our present use of the word "meteorology". Such diverse phenomena as lightning flashes, the Northern lights, or the will-o'-the-wisp seen over marshes were all therefore meteors. So, up to the seventeenth century, were comets, since Aristotle had supposed them atmospheric in origin. Shooting stars were placed somewhere in the middle of this jumble. By the early nineteenth century, the nature of comets, on the one hand, and of lightning flashes on the other, was beginning to be understood, but shooting stars still retained much of their mystery. Indeed, it is only in the twentieth century that the differences between meteors, which do not reach the earth's surface, and meteorites, which do, have been firmly established.

In *Cosmic Debris* John G. Burke devotes considerable space to examining the early confusion that surrounded meteorites, and how this was resolved. In the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, uncertainty about them was such that the majority of contemporary scientists simply disbelieved stories of stones falling from heaven. Science had, after all, spent the century since Newton in trying to rid

Developing discipline

Wilma George

A. L. STODDART
On Geography
266pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £22.50.
019 13488 3

On Geography discusses the origins of geography and its progress in Britain through two centuries. Geography started as a descriptive subject concerned with making maps and charts; as adventurers extended their journeys into the unknown they required more reliable navigational techniques and, in return, they needed new and more accurate maps. The work of these men were not scientific but mainly research for quick routes to gold and spices; they extended geographical knowledge by chance.

With Captains James Cook and Louis-Antoine Bougainville geography changed. They became professional expeditions of discovery and natural history. James Cook was appointed to the Endeavour to carry out the first systematic observations of the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round the world and to chart his discoveries. He collected from the four corners of the globe and named a showy shrub *Bougainvillea*. In Britain, the professionalization of geography was obstinately resisted by Banks, Banks and Daniel Solander, amassed huge collections of hitherto unknown plants. Louis-Antoine Bougainville was commissioned by the French government to sail round

Taking the mouthful

Ashok Bery

STEPHEN ALTER
The Godchild
161pp. Deutsch. £9.95.
0 233 97963 8

Stephen Alter's third novel, like his first, *Neglected Lives*, is set on the margins of what Indian politicians and journalists call the "mainstream" of Indian society. The earlier book dealt largely with the dwindling Anglo-Indian community of a decaying hill station; *The Godchild* centres on a small town called Pipra, distinguished from hundreds of similar places by its mission hospital and the associated Christian community.

The novel is peopled with the displaced. Dr Fry, an American, has spent his whole working life in India; Gautam, the local pastor's son, a bristling, rebellious young man, renounces his parents' religion; tribal villagers scrape together a meagre living in the nearby hills. The protagonist, Patricia Crawford, was abandoned as a baby at the hospital, adopted by an American couple, and brought up in the placid suburban world of Hartford, Connecticut. Twenty years later, she returns to Pipra to bury the ashes of the missionary responsible for her adoption and to discover the truth about her past. If this summary suggests a conventional search for roots and origins, the outcome subverts any such easy formula: Patricia finds that she has, in a sense, several sets of parents.

Alter, an American, was born – and still lives – in India. He is, like his protagonist, both of and not of India. Perhaps because of this he

registers its strong physical impact, the disturbing visceral effect that sights and smells can have on the visitor, the apparently casual, even brutal, disregard for other lives or other forms of life. Patricia, outwardly Indian but American by upbringing, confronts the country through a series of physical experiences. Shock and distaste (at a fellow traveller's habit of spitting paan juice on the floor of their shared train compartment, at a group of children stoning a pair of mating dogs, or at the slaughtering of a chicken) give way to acceptance, an acceptance enacted by taking mouthfuls of chicken and rice from the hand of Mamta, the tribal woman she has thought of as her mother.

Alter's unhurried, restrained prose conveys the texture of daily life through such observed detail, and quietly hints at larger meanings. He tries, though, to do more. The godchild of the title is not just Patricia, whose visit eases and liberates the lives of Dr Fry and Gautam. At the beginning of the book, Gautam – one of the narrators – and the young Mamta visit a fair-ground, where they see the other, symbolic, godchild: Siamese twins preserved in a bottle of alcohol. Gautam too moves from shock to acceptance: "I no longer felt revulsion or nausea, no pity or sadness. It was not a beast, but entirely human, not dead but immortal."

This connection between Patricia and the twins is reinforced by her early description of herself as an "unformed, embryonic woman". But the graft of the symbol on the observation and realism of Patricia's story doesn't take properly. The symbolism reads as an attempt to manufacture a portentousness which the rest of the novel cannot support. This is a pity, because there is an attractively unemphatic solidity in most of Alter's writing.

Plans for redemption

Savkar Altinel

JAKOV LIND
The Inventor
144pp. Methuen. £9.95.
0 413 53390 5

Emmanuel Borovsky, the inventor of the battery-operated fountain-pen, the electric scissors and the radio hat, is a worried man. An alligator farm he had bought in the Cayman Islands has turned out to be a worthless investment, leaving him without the capital to develop his latest and most ambitious invention, the Redemption Machine, a super-computer which, by taking the decisions for the disposal of the planet's resources out of human hands, will at last make social justice a reality.

In an effort to find financial assistance, Emmanuel embarks on a journey that takes him to Reykjavik, Berlin, Amsterdam, New York and Jerusalem, and brings him into contact with several members of the new diaspora made up of refugees from the Holocaust, who are described in a series of letters to his brother Boris, a London doctor. One of those Emmanuel meets is a banker who wants to breed kosher pigs so that Christian, Jew and Muslim can at last share the same table and a new age of peace and harmony can begin; another believes himself to be the reincarnation of Sabbai Zvi, the seventeenth-century Turkish Jew who proclaimed himself the Messiah, and is determined to show that everyone in recent history was secretly Jewish, including Moshe Zung, better known as Mao Tse-tung; a third comes from Tiflis, is quite possibly a KGB agent, and has a plan for putting a giant Star of David into orbit.

Meanwhile, as Boris's letters in reply indicate, not all is well at home. The doctor's fifth wife, Oksana, an Eskimo from Siberia, has said to him, "You are fucking happy, bastard!" and, rather than argue with a woman brought up to rip bears limb from limb and bite steak out of live bison, he has decided to agree. In fact, however, he is going mad.

Jakov Lind's second novel written in English (the first was *Travels to the East*, 1982) contains a remark which hostile readers might wish to see as a comment on the book itself. "Strong stuff", Boris writes to his brother at one point, "[but] I have no idea what you are trying to tell me with this tale." This, though, would be unfair. Although self-advertisingly and self-

indulgently inventive, the novel is not merely an exercise in cleverness, and what this prolific author is trying to say is almost painfully clear. Lind obviously believes that the grandiose schemes of his eccentric characters have little chance of success, but still retains a certain admiration for the Jewish messianic tradition they spring from and knows that, barring a return to the lost innocence of Eden (the reward which the happy but improbable ending in a way bestows on Emmanuel), such attempts will continue to be made. It is suggested both that any clear-cut solution to humanity's problems can only be a fiction and that fiction itself, or art, is the only real refuge. In one way or another, all men have to invent their salvation, even though, as Emmanuel's favourite passage in Job has it, "The righteous and the wicked are equal before God, who holds all mankind in contempt and laughs at the trial of the innocent."

Accessories to the act

Roz Kaveney

JEREMY REED
Blue Rock
176pp. Cape. £9.95.
0 224 02434 5

When a poet leaves his or her natural habitat and commits a work of prose fiction, there is always a question: why? What was there that could not otherwise be said? Sylvia Plath did it to document a past crisis in a superficially more objective way than her poetry allowed; Randall Jarrell did it because prose fiction is a more natural vehicle than verse, in our era, for character assassination and the wisecrack; Jeremy Reed does it in order to spin out at length some jejune speculations about identity and style, and to present in inordinate detail the case histories of his characters.

His central character, David, is having a late adolescent crisis, which, apart from the usual sexual ambiguities, includes a tendency to float into the port of vivid contemplation of the natural world we know from Reed's poems, but which, without any controlling artistic effort, risks a terrifying loss of identity. Representatives of Ego cluster round him: the psychiatrist Moravia, David's father Spike, with his penchant for pubescent girls, and the artist and

In the Eastern Dream

Dick Davis

ROBERT IRWIN
The Arabian Nightmare
282pp. Viking. £10.95.
0 670 81661 2

The first sentence of *The Arabian Nightmare* reads "For a long time I used to go to bed early", and if that seems familiar so will much else in this allusive fantasy; there is for instance a talking ape called Wasso, and a vivisectionist who as his victim dies murmurs "Each man kills the thing he loves", and so on. Even the title looks like a pun on *The Arabian Nights*, and sure enough in the course of the protagonist's convoluted wanderings through fifteenth-century Cairo he meets up with one Yoll, a storyteller who claims to be in the process of writing a "compendium of stories loosely related to one another" to be called *One Thousand Nights and One Night*. Whether we think of this as chutzpah or parasitism or simply the result of reading too much Borges and Calvino too deep into the night, it certainly makes for some entertainingly facetious prose.

The plot concerns an English pilgrim (and spy) who gets drawn into a Cairo underworld of necromancers, prostitutes, beggars and professional story-tellers, whose dreams gradually become more real than his waking life, and who is told story after story emphasizing that illusion and reality are shifting and unreliable categories. Soon we are among people who do not know whether they are dreams or real; who, when they pass between sleep and wakefulness, cannot decide whether the world they have left is the real one or the dream.

A people's provocations

John Melmoth

M. S. POWER
A Darkness in the Eye
212pp. Heinemann. £10.95.
0 434 59961 1

Recent feuding within the INLA has given M. S. Power's *A Darkness in the Eye*, the final volume of the "Children of the North" trilogy, an added topicality. The trilogy as a whole is devoted to the proposition that shaping events to one's will requires a special kind of nastiness and fanaticism. It is also very much a minority interest. The people of Belfast keep their heads down and somehow manage to cling to normal lives; they are excluded from the "incomprehensible circle of murder and reprisal" that shapes relations between the RUC, the IRA and the Army.

Claudette, formerly the mistress of both men, Spike dies mysteriously in a fog, possibly led to his death by his victims; Claudette conspires to retrieve from Moravia an album of old photos which seems to be her soul; David tries to take over Moravia's identity and succeeds to the extent of being telepathically traumatized by his violent death. The problem with all of this is less its exoticism than the characters' tendency to blur into each other in ways other than those intended.

As the characters find identity besieged, the styles of the prose fictions most of them are writing converge worryingly (though Reed has taken insufficient care to individualize those styles in the first place). It is never an especially good idea to write pastiche of genres one feels no affection for, and Reed's fragments of tough-guy thriller especially lack conviction.

There seems little ground, in this novel's dialectic, between entire loss of self and sanity and a posturing narcissism in which identity is built from accessories and by an obsessive, moment-by-moment, clinical observation of the details of sensual pleasure. Some scenes from this novel are extraordinary in their vivid apprehension of seconds of feeling. More often, the sheer clutter becomes irritating. Reed's usual precision of imagery deserts him and what is evoked seems irrelevant or disjointed.

The *mise en scène* is convincingly created; the stench, squalor, poverty and disease are made so palpable that the hero's gradual absorption into the world of which they are part reads almost like a myth of degradation, a stripping away of everything that might savour of dignity, purpose or virtue. The fantasy – particularly the rather portentous sexual fantasy – is not so deftly done; it lacks both the insouciance of its medieval Arabic forebear and the resonance of its more recent models. The dreams within dreams and stories within stories (though often very entertaining individually) get rather out of hand; the author tries to forestall criticism by having his characters express the reader's irritations ("Ah no, not the ape and the lady in the garden again") but the irritations remain. At one point one of the characters attempts to break the tangle of insubstantiality by roundly declaring "Now [men] forage inside their unwashed bodies for hidden treasures and their talk is always of dreams and visions . . . I have come to fight the Eastern Dream . . . Redemption cannot be found in dreams." Hear hear, murmurs the bemused reader, but inevitably this would-be deliverer is himself revealed to be a compromised part of the dream-world.

Though the book is not long there is a noticeable flagging of inventiveness once we are past the half-way mark; having set up his mysterious situations, Irwin seems a little unsure of what to do with them. But despite this structural uncertainty (which could be defended as deliberate, though not, I think, convincingly) there are many felicitous touches, some good jokes and a believably gruesome evocation of the squalor of a medieval Middle Eastern city as compensation.

What distinguishes this volume from its predecessors is the growing recognition on all sides that the struggle is achieving nothing and a conviction, based on no apparent evidence, that a political solution is a possibility. The old lags – Seamus Reilly, *sol-dissan* IRA godfather (roguishly: "I made him an offer he couldn't refuse") and Inspector ("Mr") John Asher of the RUC – are in agreement. They "wished to God that the fanatics and the politicians and the do-gooders and the meddlers would just vanish and leave the people of the province to sort out their own problems". Their problem is no longer one another but a split within the IRA between the hawks and the doves. Reilly's death is leaked on page one. A splinter group of IRA hardliners was responsible for the Brighton Bombings without the knowledge or consent of the central council. Reilly's claim to be "appalled and disgusted" by the outrage has apparently to be taken at face value because he handed those responsible over to the RUC in the full knowledge that there could only be one punishment.

A Darkness in the Eye is Reilly's story. "A nice man. Deadly as they come." His centrality enables Power to make his most detailed analysis of the psychology of terrorism to date. Reilly is the first person and it is easy to identify some ways Reilly represents the ascetic wing of urban guerrillaism – dispassionate and self-denying, he nevertheless fancies himself an expert on wine. His fondness for self-dramatization combines with a sense of apocalypse ("we are all dead in this blighted land") to produce the "orphan of terror" – "I am the real thing, the kind of mind capable of killing for an idea is by no means as complex as that found, for example, in the work of Doris Lessing, but is not without impact. The point he insists on is that terrorism is only the part-time occupation of family men, sexually repressed or anxious, running to fat, dull and therefore the more alarming."

Taken as a trilogy, rather than a single novel, *A Darkness in the Eye* is a slight story beautifully told, published in three instalments, *The Children of the North* is, in one sense, short of significant development. All that has happened is that one generation of terrorists has grown older and more moderate, while a younger generation is beginning to blow it down. Needless to say, a solution for blighted Ireland is no nearer. *The Children of the North* is a serious and extended attempt to make literature of the sore provocations of the IRA.

Cold confinement

Morrah Singmaster

ROBIN KLEIN
People Might Hear You
144pp. Viking. £5.95.
0 670 80303 0
0 670 80864 0

Australian writer Robin Klein has written ten books for young adults; the two reviewed here, although very different, are both extremely readable. The plots move rapidly; the style is peppered with snappy dainties, and the main characters are misundereels guaranteed to evoke teenage sympathy. Rebellion is forced on Francis, in *People Might Hear You*, when her Aunt Loris takes her with him and his three daughters. The three are members of some unspecified crank cult. They belong to the Temple and live by rules as laid down by the sinister-sounding cult. When the War comes only members of the Temple will be saved. The Tyrells' house is a fortress barricaded against the world. They live on food that is kept stockpiled in the cellar, some of it dating back twenty years. The girls study at home and wear drab uniforms for them by the eldest, Rosgrana. Francis protests against a way of life that sees as imprisonment she is threatened punishment to the Temple for a crash in obedience. If this fails to convert her will be sent to "that place" from which no one returns. The atmosphere of the house, with locked windows and the garden surrounded by high walls and barbed wire, is conveyed and suspense is maintained to that page. There are some gruesome mo-

ments: Mr Tyrell kills a cat that Francis lets into the house (he has previously squashed a canary), and although Francis is about thirteen, readers of this age may find the book distressing. There is no attempt at a comfortable happy ending and the book leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth.

"Yuk" in *Hating Alison Ashley* is a compulsive liar, a hypochondriac and a snob. She conceives an uncontrollable hatred for Alison Ashley, a new girl at her school who is everything that she, Yuk, is not. But by Drama Night at the school summer camp, her hatred has been translated into best-friendship, with both girls' advantages and disadvantages neatly balanced. Yuk's chief advantage is her chaotic family and home which are entertainingly and even affectionately described, from the clutter on the kitchen table – including fake eyelashes and the cat – to her hippomaniac younger sister Jedda who has converted her half of their shared bedroom into a pretend stable and race course.

My chief criticism of Robin Klein's books, and this is strengthened by reading her earlier *Games* (also published by Viking Kestrel), is her lack of emotional warmth: the orphan Francis in *People Might Hear You* never gives a thought to her dead parents and her aunt seems devoid of any love for her; the Tyrell children never refer to their dead mother and exhibit no filial feeling for their tyrannical father. In *Hating Alison Ashley*, Alison's mother's lack of affection for her is glossed over, compensated for, we must suppose, by the friendship of the ghastly Yuk. Characters bristle with anger and resentment in a hard world where the softer human qualities play little part. This imbalance is not likely to worry the avid young adult reader for whom Robin Klein is writing so successfully.

Sheep among wolves

Ashford

FREDERICK GRICE
Water Break Its Neck
144pp. Oxford University Press. £6.95.
0 192 71567 6

After Frederick Grice, winner of the 1977 New Award, wrote several outstanding children's books, and the last, *Water Break Its Neck*, which was published posthumously, is his best. It is not as autobiographical as *Water Break Its Neck* or *The Oak and the Ash*, but it is very like the one he was brought up to draw on his wartime experience. *Water Break Its Neck* is a plausible and authentic quality. It is an adventure story than most of his, but as strong, original plot and direct style make it compulsive reading for many children of ten or over. Nothing is allowed to impede the natural flow of the narrative written in the first person and it is easy to identify with the thirteen-year-old hero, Gareth Pritchard, who has to fight for his survival in a hostile world.

The story is set in the 1870s in the Radnor where Gareth, an orphan, has been brought up as a shepherd. When his aunt dies, he leaves him the house, Cefn, and the flock of sheep, but his grasping and violent cousin, Jago, determined to seize them, Jago chases Gareth over the hills to the dangerous water-gate "Water Break Its Neck", and Gareth leaps down the steep hillside below the waterfalls

and finds a dead chick. His horror at what he has done marks the first realization that one must live the consequences of one's actions. A short while later he discovers a pair of nesting swans which are killed by fishermen's nets. He does not mix with the other children at school and has no friends at home. One day, he finds a "secret" place where he can go shopping. So boy and swans get short over the weekend. He finds a cat and a dog and a hen in the shed

disappears from sight. He escapes and is befriended by Tom Hard-Up, a charismatic rover with a fine singing voice who takes him to a ruined church inhabited by tramps, paid to attend services by a crazed but saintly clergyman, Mr Price. It takes Gareth some time to realize that Tom Hard-Up is a cruel thief who is hoping to prosper from Gareth's inheritance. But, after many adventures, Gareth at last takes the initiative, tries to save Jago from the tramps who raid Cefn for money, and is ultimately able to prove that Jago's will was forged and that Cefn is rightfully his.

Many of the characters Gareth encounters are memorable eccentrics, finely drawn with the detailed observation of idiosyncrasies. Even the blackest villains have their redeeming qualities: Jago looks after a mad sister and Tom Hard-Up cheers the lives of the miserable group of vagrants living in the church. Gareth himself is diffident and uncertain at the beginning of the story, but, unlike the heroes of many children's adventure stories, who have the advantage of omniscience at an early age, adversity brings out the strengths of his character and he learns from his experiences. Grice's descriptions of nature are vivid and often set the atmosphere, such as that of the moon blanching at the prospect of the violence and bloodshed it might be called upon to witness. The book ends with the ancient ceremony of the burning of twelve bushes on the hill to see in the new year. It symbolizes the acceptance of Gareth by his fellow shepherds, and his new life. *Water Break Its Neck* is an unusual, perceptive and evocative story, typical of the work of this skilled writer.

and cooks it at night. On breaking the shell he finds a dead chick. His horror at what he has done marks the first realization that one must live the consequences of one's actions.

A short while later he discovers a pair of nesting swans which are killed by fishermen's nets. He does not mix with the other children at school and has no friends at home. One day, he finds a "secret" place where he can go shopping. So boy and swans get short over the weekend. He finds a cat and a dog and a hen in the shed



A Woodcut by J. J. Grandville, first published in 1838, to illustrate the fable, "Le pot de terre et le pot de fer", by La Fontaine; taken from Fables, edited by Anne Stevenson (1985) (144pp. Victoria and Albert Museum. £9.95. 0 943107 12 X).

Ugly sisters

Alice H. G. Phillips

MARILYN SACHS
Baby Sister
147pp. Oxford University Press. £5.95.
0 192 71567 4

Marilyn Sachs's *Baby Sister* looks at first like another Cinderella for teenagers: plain, ordinary younger sibling idolizes her beautiful, remarkable sister, who in the course of the story is exposed as the selfish being she is – thus making it all right for little sister to have her gorgeous ex-boyfriend. But the emotions invoked are so violent as seriously to strain the book's generally realistic texture, and even the not very thoughtful teenage reader will wonder what else is going on here.

There is a hysterical undertone to the book – as there was to Sachs's previous novel for young people, *The Fat Girl*. Sisters are sometimes bound by strange ties, but fifteen-year-old Penny's obsession with seventeen-year-old Cass feels unnatural. Penny has no interests of her own, except going to funerals of casual acquaintances; she spends her time secretly reading Cass's diary and keeping Cass and her boyfriend, Gary, under surveillance. Cass's intermittent attentions to Penny are manic, and utterly misguided. Yet when Cass leaves for

Magic hair

Emma Letley

JACQUILINE WILSON
The Power of the Shade
223pp. Oxford University Press. £6.95.
0 192 71568 2

The Power of the Shade is the story of two teenage girls: carrot-haired, unsophisticated May, and fascinating, precocious Selina whose mother is a fortune-teller and reputed to be a witch. It seems an unlikely friendship from the start; then rivalry between the two girls comes to the fore when a new teacher, Robin Campbell, the writer, comes to spend a term at their school. With her special power – shown, she believes, by her red hair – May decides to charm him and for once get the better of Selina. This is the start of the girls' adventures and experiments with magic, including their ludicrous efforts to burn effigies of Bruno, Selina's boyfriend, and Robin Campbell.

The vagaries of May's and Selina's friendship, May's infatuation with Robin, the portrayal of her confining and, at times, problematic family life with her grandparents and aunt and her grandfather's death, are sympathetically and sensitively handled. Impressive too is the girls' language and idiom, which

university midway through the book. Penny sinks into a serious depression which lasts for months. That Cass should mistreat and finally break with the weak-willed Gary, and that he should end up engaged to Penny, is credible, but Cass's emotionally violent response to the engagement is not. And all this takes place against the unpleasantly crude background of the girls' parents screaming at each other or the mother whining because the father is avoiding her by working late (funny enough, he is a psychologist).

What seems to be going on beneath the plot is a debate on the female character and female roles. Sachs obviously means to demonstrate that ordinary girls can be heroines, that they should choose their own values, among which the domestic and the traditional are still available to them; and that ambition may be self-centred. But the author's tendencies towards exaggeration and extremes render all of her characters unlikeable, and makes their story appear more stunted than life-affirming. Cass is made to behave ludicrously and is then frozen out of the ending; the mother becomes as mindless and unsympathetic a travel agent as she was a housewife; and men remain marginal. Penny, deep in unrelievedly materialistic plans presented by Sachs as pure and wholesome, is left sewing her wedding dress like some grim little Fury.

steers clear of self-consciousness and a patronizing tone. Jacqueline Wilson employs a striking narrative technique: the realistic matter of family, school and social life is punctuated by May's own stories, written initially for the admiring Robin, these anarchic, quirky interpolations develop from a fairly straightforward narrative of May's day written as a classroom exercise, through dream-like pieces, to surreal and eerie sequences with the flavour of re-cast fairy-tales.

At the start of the book, May intends to follow in the footsteps of her dead mother and become an artist; in the course of the story she changes her mind in favour of a career as a writer. Her own creative output, carefully included within the novel, convinces the reader that her decision is well founded. The author's method is assured as she blends in this everyday, yet pertinent, issue with the elements of magic and fantasy.

In the issues with which it engages and the manner in which it is written, the book seems confidently aware of its intended audience. Its one weak point is in the rather stereotyped characterization of Selina's unmotherly, supercilious mother. Otherwise, the cast of personae is well developed and the book is assured, witty and humorous – one of the most defensible current offerings to a "young adult" audience.

Handwritten text in a box: "The Power of the Shade"

TLS Listings

A comprehensive weekly selection of new and forthcoming books received by the TLS.

The TLS Listings provides full publication details of those books received each week by the TLS which seem to fall within the main interests of our readers. Children's books, foreign-language books and paperback reprints of recent works are not, however, included. Publishers are asked to ensure that they let us have all the necessary information, including price and publication date.

Anthropology

Peria, Michel, translated by Michael Flisberg. *The Way of the Dead Indians: Cuzco myths and symbols*. Austin: Texas UP, 1985pp. illus. \$30 (hardcover), \$12.95 (paperback). 0 292 79032 5 (hc), 0 292 79039 2 (pb). 15/5/87.

Architecture

Brooks, Michael W. John Ruskin and Victorian Architecture. New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers UP, 1986pp. \$28. 0 8135 1205 0. 24/5/87.

Art

A Tribute to Henry Moore 1898-1986. Marlborough Fine Art, 6 Albemarle Street, London W1X 8AP. 25pp., plates. £10 (paperback).

Blair, William. Colour Versions of the Book of Job Designs, limited edition. William Blake Trust, 90 Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3PY. £30.

Blake, William. Illustrations of the Book of Job, limited edition. William Blake Trust, £1,000.

Babyboom, David Hogarth's Blacks: Images of blacks in 18th-century English art. Manchester UP, 1986pp. £23 (hardcover), £10.95 (paperback). 0 7190 2316 5 (hc), 0 7190 2317 3 (pb). 23/4/87.

Fried, Michael. Realism, Writing, Disaffiliation: On Thomas Eakins and Stephen Crane. Chicago UP, 215pp., illus. £23.95. 0 226 26210 3 (hc), 0 226 26211 1 (pb).

Gianvillo, Philippe Silver in England. Unwin Hyman, 1986pp., illus. £60. 0 8419 1139 8. 28/5/87.

Klamar, Susan Jan Groover. New York: Museum of Modern Art, 37 plates. £13.50 (paperback). 0 87070 309 9.

Nicholson, Winifred. Unknown Colours: Paintings, letters, writings by Winifred Nicholson. Faber, 271pp., illus. £30. 0 571 14920 2. 24/5/87.

Remond, Margaret B., editor. National Museum of Women in the Arts. New York: Abrams, 253pp., illus. \$35 (hardcover). 0 8109 1373 9 (hc), 0 940979 00 4 (pb). 5/87.

Simon, Robin. The Portrait in Britain and America, with a biographical dictionary of portrait painters 1680-1914. Oxford: Phaidon, 255pp., plates. £60. 0 7148 2386 4. 7/5/87.

Souchai, François, translated by George and Elise Hill. French Sculptors of the 17th and 18th Centuries: The reign of Louis XIV. Illustrated catalogue, vol. 3: M-Z. Oxford: Cassirer, dist. by Faber, 464pp., illus. £75. 0 8181 053 3. 24/5/87.

Stich, Silvia. Made in USA: An Americanization in modern art, the '50s and '60s. California UP / Berkeley: University Art Museum, 280pp., illus. £53.50 (hardcover), £17.25 (paperback). 0 520 05756 2 (hc), 0 520 05757 0 (pb). 4/87.

Wilson, Timothy. Ceramic Art of the Italian Renaissance. British Museum, 199pp., plates. £12.50 (paperback). 0 7141 0541 4.

Bibliography

Rodgson, F. W. Modern Newspaper Editing and Production. Heinemann, 277pp., £12.95 (paperback). 0 434 90750 2. 1/4/87.

Palmer, E. M. The British Empire in the Victorian Press, 1832-1867: A bibliography. New York: Garland, 234pp., £40. 0 8240 9802 1. 5/87.

Whitmore, D. E. H. Rider Haggard: A bibliography. Mansell, 187pp., £35. 0 7201 1800 9. 27/3/87.

Biography, including letters and diaries

Balby, Hilary Vera Brittain (Lives of Modern Women). Penguin, 177pp., illus. £3.95 (paperback). 0 14 008023 1. 28/5/87.

Brooke, Rupert, preface by Henry James. Letters from America (1st pub. 1931). Sidgwick and Jackson, 222pp., £9.95. 0 283 99460 6. 1/4/87.

Carr, John. An Act of Immortality. Hodder and Stoughton, 304pp., £14.95. 0 340 39955 2. 1/4/87.

Castle, Barbara Sylvia and Christabel Pankhurst (Lives of Modern Women). Penguin, 159pp., illus. £3.95 (paperback). 0 14 008761 3. 28/5/87.

Currie-McDaniel, Ruth. Carpetbagger of Conscience: A biography of John Emory Bryant. Athens: Georgia UP, 238pp., \$30. 0 8203 0836 0. 10/3/87.

Elfræll, Benjamin, edited by M. G. Wiles et al. Letters: 1828-1841. Toronto UP, 459pp., £40.95. 0 8020 5736 5. 27/3/87.

Jacobs, Harriet A., edited by L. Maria Child. Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl Written by Herself. Harvard UP, 304pp., £24.95 (hardcover), £7.95 (paperback). 0 674 44745 X (hc), 0 674 44746 8 (pb).

Krishnamurti, J. Krishnamurti to Himself: His last journal. Gollancz, 134pp., £7.95. 0 575 04060 2. 11/6/87.

Muir, John. The Story of My Boyhood and Youth (Canongate Classics, 5: 1st pub. 1913). Edinburgh: Canongate, 145pp., £2.95 (paperback). 0 86241 153 X. 21/5/87.

Prishvin, Mikhail; introduction by John Updike. Nature's Diary. Penguin, 188pp., £4.95 (paperback). 0 14 017003 0. 28/5/87.

Storry, Dorothy. "Second Country": The story of Richard Storey and Japan 1913-1952. Ashford: Morbury, 176pp., £10.95. 0 90404 58 7. 1/87.

Summers, Anthony, and Stephen Durrill. Moneytrap: The secret world of Stephen Ward. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 264pp., illus. £12.95. 0 297 79122 2. 18/5/87.

Business

Basworth-Davies, Rowan. Too Good to Be True: How to survive in the casino economy. London: Wix, 259pp., £12.95. 0 370 31048 9. 21/5/87.

Izumi, Hiroaki, and Thomas W. Roethli. Mobilizing Intangible Assets. Harvard UP, 186pp., £15.95. 0 674 57770 1. 6/87.

Economics

Hausner, Victor A., editor. Critical Issues in Urban Economic Development, vol. 2. Oxford: Clarendon, 207pp., £22.50. 0 19 823268 3. 7/5/87.

Manuelli, Rodolfo E., and Thomas J. Sargent. Exercises in Dynamic Macroeconomic Theory. Harvard UP, 223pp., £15.50 (paperback). 0 674 27476 8. 1/4/87.

Moore, Verónica, and David Elliott. Enterprise Innovation: An alternative approach. Pinter, 198pp., £18.50. 0 86187 577 X. 4/87.

Smith, David. The Rise and Fall of Monetarism: The theory and politics of an economic experiment. Penguin, 186pp., £3.95 (paperback). 0 14 022754 7. 28/5/87.

Wrigley, E. A. People, Cities and Wealth. Oxford: Blackwell, 348pp., £25.50. 0 631 13991 5. 14/5/87.

Fiction

Adams, Douglas. Dirk Gently's Holistic Detective Agency. Heinemann, 247pp., £9.95. 0 434 09000 8. 15/4/87.

Atwood, Margaret. Bluebeard's Egg and Other Stories. Corgi, 281pp., £10.95. 0 224 02245 8. 4/5/87.

Barke, James. Land of the Leal (Canongate Classics, 6: 1st pub. 1939). Edinburgh: Canongate, 614pp., £4.95 (paperback). 0 86241 142 4. 21/5/87.

Bawden, Nina. Circles of Deceit. Macmillan, 189pp., £9.95. 0 333 44684 4. 28/5/87.

Brand, Christanna. Green for Danger (Women Crime Writers: 1st pub. 1945). Pandora, 199pp., £3.95 (paperback). 0 86358 208 7. 18/5/87.

Carroll, Jim. The Basketball Diaries and The Book of Nods. Faber, 247pp., £3.95 (paperback). 0 571 14843 3. 24/5/87.

Chesterman, G. K. The Innocence of Father Brown (Classic Crime: 1st pub. 1911). Penguin, 248pp., £3.95 (paperback). 0 14 008257 3. 28/5/87.

Ferrars, Elizabeth. Come and Be Killed (Crime Club). Gollancz, 175pp., £8.95. 0 00 232118 1. 1/4/87.

Ford, Richard. A Piece of My Heart (1st pub. in US 1976). Collins Harvill, 297pp., £10.95. 0 00 271622 4. 8/4/87.

Forrest, Katherine V. Amateur City (Women Crime Writers: 1st pub. in US 1984). Pandora, 189pp., £3.95 (paperback). 0 86358 200 1. 18/5/87.

Golding, William. Close Quarters. Faber, 283pp., £9.95. 0 571 14779 8. 8/4/87.

Hamilton-Paterson, James. The View from Mount Dog: Short stories. Macmillan, 202pp., £10.95. 0 333 44683 5. 21/5/87.

Hurston, Zora Neale. Spunk: The selected stories of Zora Neale Hurston. Camden Press, 106pp., £4.95 (paperback). 0 948491 29 9. 18/5/87.

Lawrence, Hilma. Death of a Doll (Women Crime Writers: 1st pub. 1947). Pandora, 159pp., £3.95 (paperback). 0 86358 205 2. 18/5/87.

Leiber, Fritz. The Wanderer (Classic Science Fiction: 1st pub. in UK 1966). Penguin, 346pp., £3.95 (paperback). 0 14 009201 3. 28/5/87.

Mainwaring, Marion. Murder in Passioche or Nine Detectives All at Sea (Women Crime Writers). Pandora, 183pp., £3.95 (paperback). 0 86358 206 0. 18/5/87.

Marlow, Joyce Sarah. Hodder and Stoughton, 319pp., £10.95. 0 340 37482 8. 1/4/87.

Melville, James. Kinship for a Corpse. Secker and Warburg, 200pp., £10.95 (hardcover). 0 436 27607 6. 8/4/87.

Mule, Willie. Imagined Corners (Canongate Classics, 1: 1st pub. 1935). Edinburgh: Canongate, 281pp., £3.95 (paperback). 0 86241 140 8. 21/5/87.

Murphy, Benjamin. The Tiger's Daughter (1st pub. in US 1971). Penguin, 210pp., £3.95 (paperback). 0 14 009301 X. 28/5/87.

Murphy, N. N. The Imperial Agent. New English Library, 149pp., £11.95. 0 480 39744 3. 1/4/87.

Palmer, David R. Emergence (1st pub. in US 1984). Hodder and Stoughton, 291pp., £2.95 (paperback). 0 430 41106 0. 4/4/87.

Phillips, Tom A. Monument: A treated Victorian novel, revised edition (1st pub. 1980). Thames and Hudson, 307pp., illus. £12.95. 0 500 23488 4. 25/5/87.

Piercy, Marge. Gone to Soldiers. Michael Joseph, 648pp., £10.95. 0 7181 2797 9. 8/4/87.

Piercy, Marge. Small Changes (1st pub. in US 1972). Penguin, 446pp., £3.95 (paperback). 0 14 009934 9. 28/5/87.

Pittag, Nicholas. Wise Guy (1st pub. in US 1985). Corgi, 288pp., £2.95 (paperback). 0 552 13094 X. 24/5/87.

Ravlin, Wynndham. Key of the Hills. Braunton: Merlin, 236pp., £6.95 (paperback). 0 86303 333 4. 21/5/87.

Shepherd, Nan. The Quarry Wood (Canongate Classics, 4: 1st pub. 1968). Edinburgh: Canongate, 213pp., £3.95 (paperback). 0 86241 141 6. 21/5/87.

Slavitt, David R. The Hussar. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State UP, 179pp., £16.10. 0 8071 1364 6. 7/87.

Smith, Iain. Critchton. Consider the Lilies (Canongate Classics, 2: 1st pub. 1968). Edinburgh: Canongate, 144pp., £2.95 (paperback). 0 86241 143 2. 21/5/87.

Updike, John. Forty Stories. Penguin, 367pp., £4.95 (paperback). 0 14 009770 8. 28/5/87.

Van Greenaway, Peter. The Killing Cup (An Inspector Cherry Mystery). Gollancz, 221pp., £9.95. 0 575 04062 9. 11/6/87.

Wells, H. G. Men Like Gods (Classic Science Fiction and Fantasy: 1st pub. 1923). Penguin, 232pp., £3.95 (paperback). 0 14 007998 X. 28/5/87.

Williams, Nigel. Witchcraft. Faber, 399pp., £10.95. 0 571 14823 9. 24/5/87.

Wodehouse, P. G. The Small Bachelor (1st pub. 1927). Penguin, 204pp., £2.50 (paperback). 0 14 008356 8. 28/5/87.

Fiction in English translation

Marshall, David, translated by Dick Killo and Elspeth Spillwood. Letters to Marina (1st pub. 1981). Camden Press, 207pp., £3.95 (paperback). 0 948491 12 4. 4/4/87.

History, general. Hopkins, Adam. Crete: Its past, present and people (1st pub. 1977). Faber, 249pp., illus. £3.95 (paperback). 0 571 11361 3. 24/5/87.

History, medieval

Bouchard, Constance. Britain's Sword, Miter, and Crosse: Nobility and the church in Burgundy, 980-1188. Ithaca, NY: Cornell UP, 463pp., illus. \$45.65. 0 8014 1974 3. 4/5/87.

Koenigsberger, H. G. Medieval Europe 400-1500 (History of Europe 400-1500). Longman, 401pp., illus. £17.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 582 49404 4 (hc), 0 582 49403 6 (pb). 18/5/87.

History, modern

Bridges, Amy A. City in the Republic: Antebellum New York and the origins of machine politics. Ithaca, NY: Cornell UP, 210pp., \$9.95 (paperback). 0 8014 1992 7. 4/5/87.

Brown, Michael. Jew or Jew? Jews, French Canadians, and Anglo-Canadians, 1759-1914. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society, 356pp., illus. \$16.95. 0 8276 0271 5. 24/5/87.

Cohen, Richard I. The Burden of Conscience: French Jewish leadership during the Holocaust. Bloomington: Indiana UP, 237pp., £27.50. 0 243 31263 9. 15/4/87.

Cole, Robert. The Pitmen of the Northern Coalfield: Work, culture and protest, 1790-1850. Manchester UP, 386pp., £35. 0 7190 2202 9. 7/5/87.

Di Nante, Mario R. American Democracy and the Authoritarian Tradition of the West. Lanham, MD: University Press of America, 181pp., £23.75 (hardcover), \$11.50 (paperback). 0 8191 6112 8 (hc), 0 8191 6113 6 (pb). 5/87.

Draper, Alfred. Davis Like Thunder: The retreat from Burma. Corgi, 288pp., illus. £17.95. 0 80522 131 9. 15/4/87.

Edwards, S. N., and A. Shachar. Society, Culture, and Urbanization. Sage, 391pp., £35. 0 8039 2478 X. 22/4/87.

Friedman, Jerome. Blasphemy, Immorality, and Anarchy: The writers and the English Revolution. Athens: Ohio UP, 336pp., £31.30. 0 8214 0861 5. 25/8/87.

Hansen, Erik C. Ludovic Halévy: A study of frivolity and fatalism in 19th century France. Lanham, NY: University Press of America, 271pp., \$19.75. 0 8191 5887 9. 4/87.

Koenigsberger, H. G. Early Modern Europe 1500-1789 (History of Europe 400-1980). Longman, 349pp., illus. £16.50 (hardcover), £8.50 (paperback). 0 582 49402 8 (hc), 0 582 49401 X (pb). 18/5/87.

Maykenta, K. W. Hurricane Combat. Corgi, 190pp., illus. £12.50. 0 7185 0633 8. 25/5/87.

Moore, William. Gas Attacks: Chemical warfare 1915-18 and afterwards. Corgi, 191pp., Hippocrene, 262pp., illus. £14.95. 0 87032 453 1. 15/4/87.

O'Brien, Philip. Banking in 19th-Century Ireland: The National Bank, 1825-1914. Manchester UP, 285pp., £29.50. 0 7190 2276 2. 7/5/87.

Pososhkov, Ivan; edited and translated by A. P. Vais and L. R. Lewitter. The Book of Poverty and Wealth (1st pub. 1842). Athlone, 440pp., £35. 0 485 11290 6. 28/5/87.

Smith, Peter C. Pedestal: The Malta convoy of August 1942. Kimber, 256pp., illus. £12.95. 0 7183 0632 3. 25/5/87.

Sokal, Michael M. Psychological Testing and American Society 1890-1930. New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers UP, 205pp., \$28. 0 8135 1193 3. 2/6/87.

Spivey, Donald. The Politics of Miseducation. Lexington: Kentucky UP, 177pp., £16.25. 0 831 1981 1. Corgi, 288pp., £2.95 (paperback). 0 552 13094 X. 24/5/87.

Theweleit, Klaus; translated by Stephen Conway et al. Male Fantasies (1st pub. 1977). Oxford: Polity, 517pp., £27.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 7455 0382 3 (hc), 0 7456 0383 1 (pb). 28/5/87.

Wells, John. The Immortal Warrior: Britain's first and last battleship. Emsworth: Mason, dist. by Dent, 263pp., illus. £18. 0 85937 333 9. 11/6/87.

Williams, Douglas. 194 Squadron, Royal Air Force: "The Friendly Firm" (Burma Campaign). Braunton: Merlin, 80pp., illus. £2.95 (paperback). 0 86303 326 1. 21/5/87.

History, contemporary

Butt, Gerald. The Arab World: A personal view. BBC Books, 152pp., illus. £7.95 (paperback). 0 563 21210 1. 21/5/86.

Humour

Cutler, Ivor; illustrated by Martin Hownett. Pearly Methuen, 95pp., illus. £4.95 (paperback). 0 413 13548 1. 11/4/87.

Cutler, Ivor; illustrated by Martin Hownett. On the Methuen, 94pp., illus. £4.95 (paperback). 0 413 40018 1. 11/4/87.

Cutler, Ivor; illustrated by Martin Hownett. Like a Scotch Sitting Room, vol. 2. Methuen, 94pp., illus. £4.95 (paperback). 0 413 40018 1. 11/4/87.

Daly, Macdonald, and Alexander George. Margaret Thatcher in Her Own Words. Penguin, 184pp., £2.50 (paperback). 0 14 010461 5. 14/5/87.

Jones, Graham. The Official Candidate's Book of Political Insults. Century Hutchinson, 111pp., £2.95 (paperback). 0 7126 1482 6. 21/5/87.

Language

Peterson, Trevor. Language in Mind and Language in Society: Studies in linguistic reproduction. Oxford: Clarendon, 194pp., £25. 0 19 824213 1. 4/4/87.

Rogge, P. M., edited by Betty Kirkpatrick. Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases, revised edition. Longman, 1,254pp., £11.95. 0 582 89363 1. 15/4/87.

Law

Ekelaar, J., and J. Bell, editors. Oxford Essays in Jurisprudence, third series. Oxford: Clarendon, 253pp., £27.50. 0 19 82507 1. 24/5/87.

Pritchard, John. The Motorist and the Law: A guide to motorist's rights. Penguin, 334pp., £4.95 (paperback). 0 14 008822 0. 28/5/87.

Literature and criticism

Anderson, Theodore M. A Preface to the "Nebenlügen". Stanford UP, 37pp., £35. 0 8047 1362 6. 24/4/87.

Auden, W. H. The Dyer's Hand and Other Essays (1st pub. 1963). Faber, 327pp., £6.50 (paperback). 0 571 10718 4. 24/5/87.

Barron, W. R. J. English Medieval Literature (Literature in English Series). Longman, 288pp., £14.95 (hardcover), £6.50 (paperback). 0 582 49221 1 (hc), 0 582 49220 3 (pb). 27/4/87.

Bill, Valentine. Tschetbotaroff Chokhon The silent voice of freedom. New York: Philosophical Library, 277pp., £12.95 (paperback). 0 8022 2514 4. 29/5/87.

Brooke, Rupert, with a memoir by Edward Mark. Introduction by Gavin Ewart. The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke. Sidgwick and Jackson, 333pp., £10.95. 0 283 99449 1. 1/4/87.

Bullivant, Keith. Realism Today: Aspects of the contemporary West German novel. Leamington Spa: Berg, dist. in US and Canada by New York: St Martin's, 257pp., £21. 0 83494 531 1. 1/4/87.

Corn, Alfred. The Metamorphoses of Metaphor. Essays in poetry and fiction (An Elizabethan Silver Book). New York: Viking Penguin, 194pp., \$18.95. 0 670 48000 0. 1/4/87.

Eaden, F. R., and F. H. Marcs, editors. Mapped into Not Known: The Australian landscape of the imagination: Essays and poems presented